XXX BAD GIRL BONNIE ROTTEN: INK MEETS PINK

PEEK INSIDE!

HUSTLER®

NOVEMBER 2013

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

SCULPTING THE **PERFECT VAGINA**

COVER CUTIE
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PUBLIC ENEMY **NO.1** IS THE **FBI** CREATING TERRORISTS?

WET & STICKY SPLOSH DOLLS MEET THE **SPLATTGUN**

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Most Wanted by the FBI*

*Federal Bureau of Incompetence

RABBI SHLOMO

CRIME:
Suspected Islamic terrorist. Released falafel farts on a city bus.

ALIASES:
Shlo-Jo, The Gas Man

MAHMOUD AKHBAR

CRIME:
Failure to stand for the national anthem before a Katy Perry concert.

ALIASES:
Moud, Big Poppa, Scary Hairy Mo

KATY PERRY

CRIME:
Creating a weapon of mass destruction—her music.

ALIASES:
K.P., Earie McBleedington, Abe Mankowitz

UNIDENTIFIED ARAB

CRIME:
None yet, but look at this dude. He's up to something.

ALIASES:
Freedom Hater, Terry the Terrorist, Whiskers

OSAMA BIN LADEN'S GHOST

CRIME:
Conspiracy to commit misdemeanor haunting.

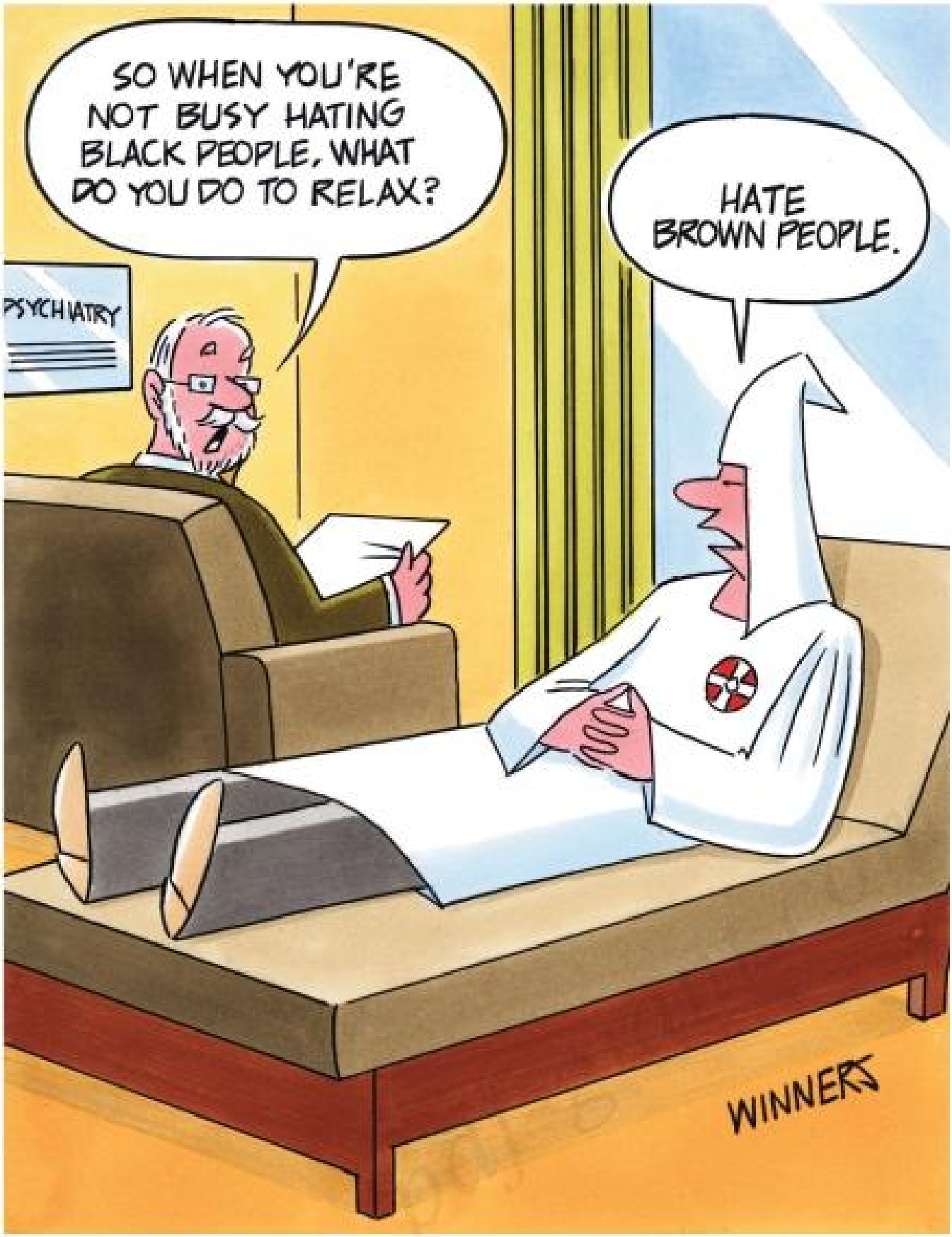
ALIASES:
Chip

V

CRIME:
Having the audacity to oppose the international conspiracy to transform the world into a police state devoid of civil rights.

ALIASES:
Vee, Guy Fawkes, Guy Fucks-a-Lot

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and commentary about the FBI having its head up its ass. As further detailed in our exclusive interview starting on page 44, the agency seems more interested in entrapping citizens to justify its bloated budget than in actually tracking real threats to American safety like the Boston Marathon bombers. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.


SO WHEN YOU'RE NOT BUSY HATING BLACK PEOPLE, WHAT DO YOU DO TO RELAX?
PSYCHIATRY
HATE BROWN PEOPLE.
WINNER

NOVEMBER 2013
Volume 40 Number 5
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER

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Art & Design
Willard Guenthner *Art Director*
Mike Portillo *Associate Art Director*

Talent
Shannon Rielly *Talent Coordinator*

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Contributing Photographers
DigitalDesire.com
Matti Klett
Suze Randall

Records & Archives
Sean Berries *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-651-7997, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

HustlerSub.com

Garry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

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Cover photo by Digital Desire

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

DON'T BE ASHAMED

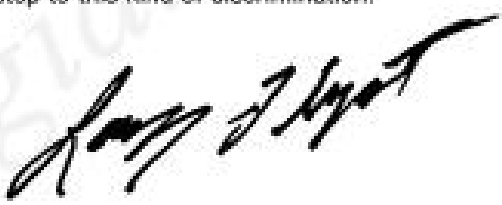
The recent trend of firing teachers for previously working in the adult industry or posing nude is outrageous. One of them, Olivia Sprauer, was even canned for just being a swimsuit model. This kind of policy belongs to the era of sexual repression, not the 21st century. It's time to keep backward morality out of the classroom.

I would not want anyone who modeled or performed for my magazines, movies or websites to ever regret it or be later punished for it. Adult work is legitimate work. Performers and models contribute to the economy and pay taxes like everyone else. They should not have to endure a backlash for the rest of their lives as a result of an activity that was fully legal and victimless.

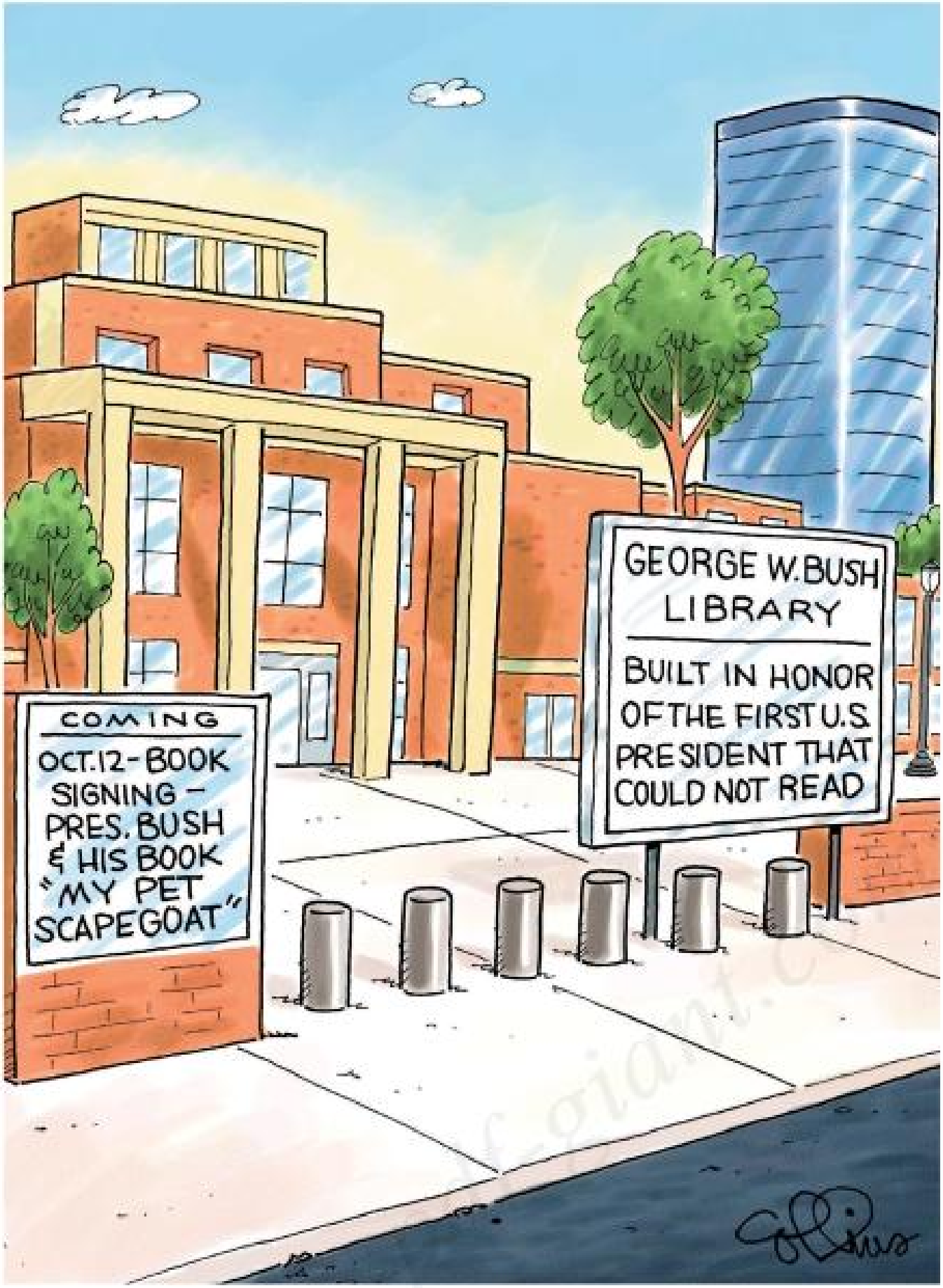
As for the charge that a teacher's "questionable" past or moonlighting job interferes with their work, no one has been able to show that there is anything about modeling or performing that prevents a person from being a capable teacher. In fact, that kind of life experience may even make them better at their jobs.

Besides the injustice, there's the hypocrisy. Erotic entertainment is everywhere, and everyone watches it. You can bet that the people who boot these teachers out are the same ones who get off on the photos and movies they claim to condemn.

I applaud the fired teachers who go to court to get their jobs back. It's a tough battle, but they are helping to establish a body of legal precedent that will eventually put a stop to this kind of discrimination.



Larry Flynt
Publisher


COMING
OCT. 12 - BOOK SIGNING - PRES. BUSH & HIS BOOK "MY PET SCAPEGOAT"
GEORGE W. BUSH LIBRARY
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DANGEROUS POWERS

A KEY SENATE COMMITTEE QUESTIONS THE PRESIDENT'S AUTHORITY TO BYPASS CONGRESS IN THE WAR ON TERROR.

Finally, even that old hawk John McCain woke up to the fact that Congress had betrayed its Constitutional obligation after 9/11 by granting President George W. Bush and those who'd come after him unlimited executive power to take the nation to war. In panic over the devastating attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon, what had seemed like a good idea in 2001 has been interpreted by Presidents Bush and Obama as authorization for a never-ending war against terrorism, free of any Congressional oversight.

In May of this year the Senate Armed Services Committee held a hearing where high-ranking Defense Department officials asserted that the United States could wage war anywhere and anytime the president desired.

In response, Senator McCain (R-Arizona) warned: "This authority…is no longer applicable to the conditions that prevailed, that motivated the United States Congress to pass the authorization for the use of military force that we did in 2001. For you to come here and say we don't need to change it or revise or update it, I think is, well, disturbing."

What McCain was referring to was the fact that he and almost everyone else in Congress caught in the grip of post-9/11 hysteria had hastily voted to betray the essential wisdom of the separation of powers enshrined in the U.S. Constitution. Without any serious debate over the historic consequences, the House of Representatives and Senate approved the "Authorization for Use of Military Force." Basically a blank check, the 60-word paragraph stated: "That the president is authorized to use all necessary and appropriate force against those nations, organizations or persons he determines planned, authorized, committed or aided the terrorist attacks that occurred on September 11, 2001, or harbored such organizations or persons, in order to prevent any future acts of international terrorism against the United States by such nations, organizations or persons."

With that mandate, Congress destroyed the wall between the executive and legislative branches that the authors of the Constitution had so prudently enshrined in Article I, Section 8, Clause 11, which reserves to Congress the power "to declare War." The president's duty as commander-in-chief is to conduct that war and not to decide whether it should be undertaken.

But this past May, McCain and his colleagues were rudely reminded of the awesome power they had surrendered to the president as the aforementioned Defense Department officials calmly affirmed the obvious reality that President Barack Obama was no more obligated than George W. Bush to seek Congressional permission before taking the nation to war. The senators seemed genuinely shocked to be told of the consequences of Congress's irresponsible action 12 years earlier.

The abrupt moment of truth for McCain and others at that Senate committee hearing came when Pentagon officials told the senators that the "Authorization for Use of Military Force" allowed the United States to now invade Syria or any other spot on the globe where the president could claim that terrorists were active.

Senator Lindsey Graham (R-South Carolina) had a question for Michael Sheehan, the assistant secretary of Defense who oversees special operations: "Would you agree with me, the battlefield is anywhere the enemy chooses to make it?"

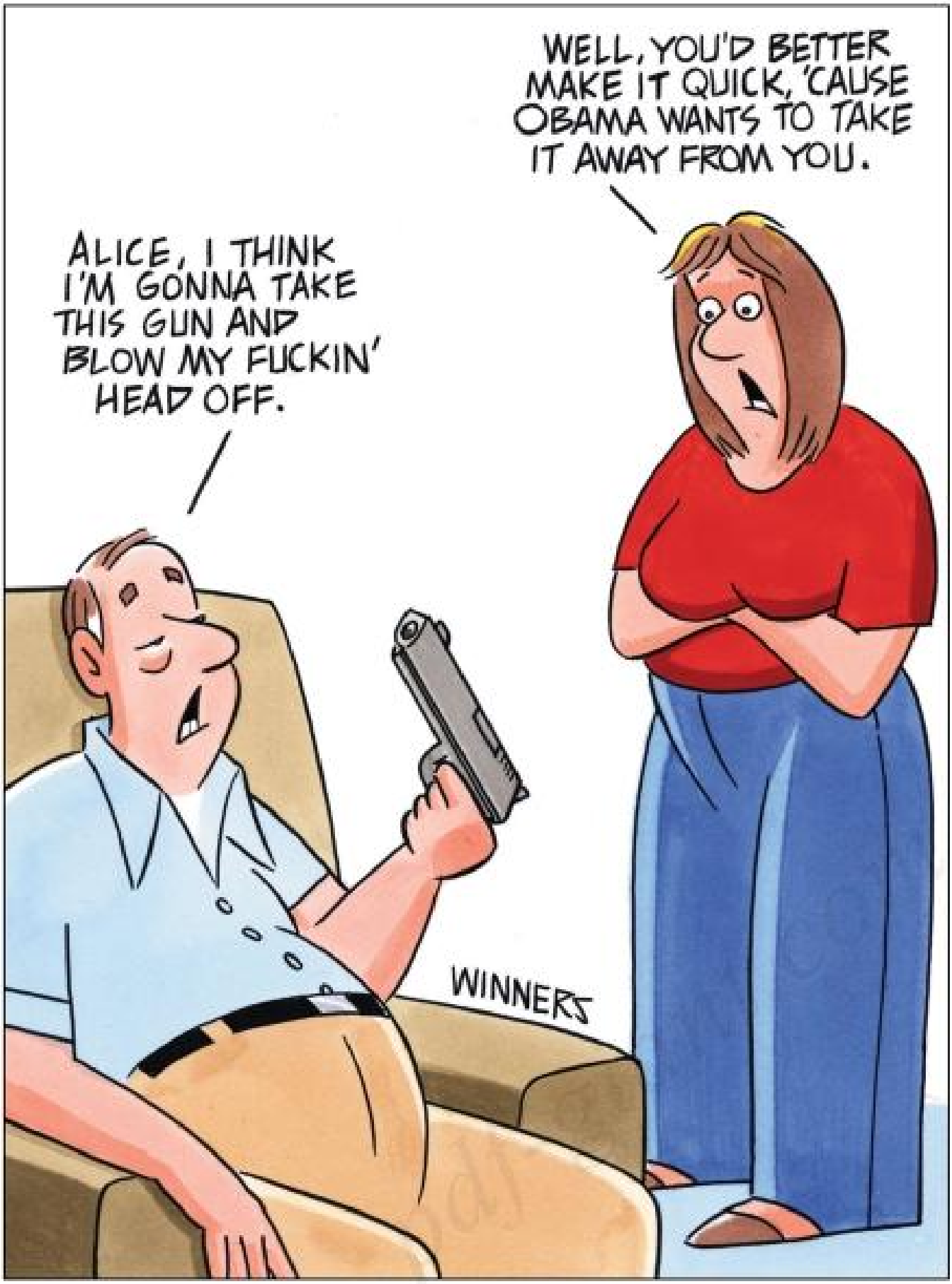
Not mincing his words, Sheehan replied, "Yes, sir, from Boston to FATA [Pakistan's federally administered tribal areas]." He went on to testify that this power to intervene anywhere without Congressional approval would be needed for "at least ten to 20 years."

"This is the most astounding and most astoundingly disturbing hearing that I've been to since I've been here," bristled Maine's independent Senator Angus King. "You guys have essentially rewritten the Constitution today. … Under your reading, we've granted unbelievable powers to the president, and it's a very dangerous precedent."

Dangerous indeed, as an almost-unanimous Congress should have realized when, blindly surrendering to fear, our nation's lawmakers—including John McCain—thoughtlessly subverted the core meaning of the Constitution that they had solemnly pledged to uphold. It is time for Congress to make amends by annulling that dangerous carte-blanche authorization before a president takes us into the next dumb war. H

Before serving almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of Ramparts magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. *His latest book is The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"You're a loyal Republican, Vernon. Just vote how you always do... out of hate, greed, bigotry and intolerance!"


WELL, YOU'D BETTER MAKE IT QUICK, 'CAUSE OBAMA WANTS TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU.
ALICE, I THINK I'M GONNA TAKE THIS GUN AND BLOW MY FUCKIN' HEAD OFF.
WINNERS

THEY CAN FOLLOW YOU EVERYWHERE

GOOGLE AND UNCLE SAM CONTINUE THEIR RELENTLESS ASSAULT ON PERSONAL PRIVACY.

I've previously mentioned my gratitude to Google for its swift and verifiable answers to my research questions. But the Silicon Valley leviathan is increasingly a menace to what's left of our privacy.

Now being developed is Google Glass, a controversial glasses-like device that "allows users to access the Internet, take photos and film short snippets," reported David Streitfeld in a *New York Times* story. "Glass is promoted by Google as 'seamless and empowering.' It will have the ability to capture any chance encounter…and broadcast it to millions in seconds."

Feel a little clammy?

So does HUSTLER contributor Robert Scheer. In a TruthDig.com post titled "Google's Spymasters Are Now Worried About Your Secrets" he wrote: "Every time there is a so-called terrorist attack on American soil, pressure to ramp up the reach of our increasingly omnipresent surveillance state spikes, sweeping ever-larger numbers of people and more intimate information concerning their lives into national databases."

Where's the indignation among the citizenry? Fear of terrorists has conditioned us to ditch the Fourth Amendment.

Scheer continued: "These technological invasions of our privacy serve to undermine the bold assertion of the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution that the protection of personal, private space is essential to the freedom of the individual."

Did you wave goodbye?

Quoted by Scheer are lofty Google executives Eric Schmidt and Jared Cohen, who coauthored the *Wall Street Journal* article "The Dark Side of the Digital Revolution." Ever heard of biometric information? In their words, it "can be used to identify individuals through their unique physical and biological attributes. … With cloud computing, it takes just seconds to compare millions of faces. … By indexing our biometric signatures, some governments will try to track our every move and word, both physically and digitally."

Meanwhile, corporations like Google can collect data on what we buy and increase profits by selling it to third parties.

Schmidt defended Google's data-sharing in 2009 when, as its CEO, he told CNBC's Maria Bartiromo, "If you have something you don't want anyone to know, maybe you shouldn't be doing it in the first place."

I don't expect Google Glass to be mentioned much, if at all, in upcoming national, state and local elections. Maybe Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont, a Democrat who remains loyal to the bedraggled Constitution, or Republican Senator Rand Paul of Kentucky will remind us that the American Revolution began simmering in part because the colonists were enraged by British customs agents raiding their offices and homes without warrants, just as the FBI does now habitually.

Along with privacy, this ceaselessly voracious technology is taking from us our most effective weapon against an ever more enveloping police state: free speech. Tucked into David Streitfeld's peek at Google Glass was a keen observation by Bradley Shear, an expert on social media at George Washington University: "Google Glass will test the right to privacy versus the First Amendment."

Google Glass and potentially more effective destroyers of individual privacy continue to surpass our wildest imaginations. How many of us could have even conceived of a high-speed, ubercomprehensive search engine, much less Google Glass, 20 years ago? And how many protesting journalists, Constitution-defending politicians and outraged citizens will be able to withstand the scrutiny of their private lives by the likes of Google and Barack Obama and the tech-sawy villains following in their footsteps?

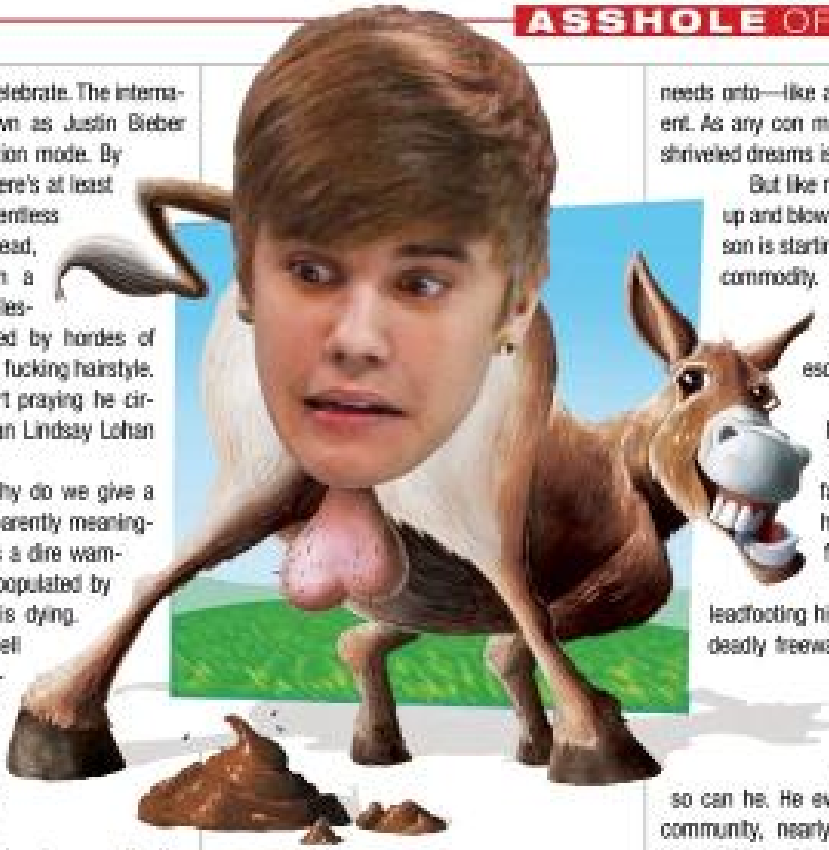
I insist that this country's best chance to again become a self-governing Constitutional republic is if more and more teachers are willing to stand up to tyranny and the invasion of privacy. They will enable new generations of voters to fully understand what it is to be a free American in charge of their government.

The true America has survived the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 and later the Civil War, including Lincoln's violation of his northern opponents' civil liberties; the first Red Scare and J. Edgar Hoover; the mass imprisonment of Japanese Americans during the Second World War; anti-Communist zealot Joe McCarthy's 1950s witch-hunt; and it is surviving terrorism.

But will America survive what Google Glass portends it will become? H

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist, jazz critic and Washington Post contributor. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America and Living the Bill of Rights.

"As long as we're gonna stop being the stupid party, we may as well stop being the motherfucking racist-asshole party too."



JUSTIN BIEBER

The time has come to celebrate. The international nightmare known as Justin Bieber has entered self-destruction mode. By the time you read this, there's at least a 50-50 chance this talentless pile of wuss will be dead, maimed, jailed, held in a basement by crazed adolescent lesbians or crucified by hordes of Beliebers for changing his fucking hairstyle. Even atheists should start praying he circles the drain swifter than Lindsay Lohan on her way to BevMo.

But wait a second. Why do we give a shit? Because in this apparently meaningless phenomenon, there's a dire warning: Our country is now populated by infantile drones. Quality is dying. What matters is how well you can hit the lowest-common-denominator, two-dimensional image and make the idiocracy piss away a million dollars a minute.

This Auto-Tuned asswipe is currently the entertainment industry's premier profit whore, despite the fact that—according to a Public Policy Polling survey—a solid majority of Americans actively hate him. "Haters are just confused admirers," Bieber retorts. We must be very, *very* confused.

But majority opinion doesn't matter because Bieber heads a greed-driven promo machine of musical pedophiles. They tap into the pliant minds and emotions of young girls, exploiting their natural insecurities along with the nascent fantasies that the poor kids don't yet know have zero to do with reality.

Wait, you say, don't smut peddlers do the same thing? No, we prey on pathetic *grown* men. That's why it's called *adult* entertainment. Adults have legal decision-making power. Why should underaged girls get to decide what gets shoved down our collective cultural throats?!

If you think something like *Ass-to-Mouth Whores From Planet Cumguzzle* is disgusting, try listening to Bieber crap like "Baby" or "Rich Girl" all the way through. The vomit will project from your belly like a ballistic missile headed for North Korea—a place, incidentally, Bieber knows all about: "Whatever they have in Korea, that's bad," he's said. When drugs and stupidity finally deep-six his career, he can always host a show on Fox News.

Which brings us to the best reason to hate Justin Bieber: He's a Ted Nugent in training wheels. As his testicles drop, so does his IQ. Already a Jesus freak, to the point of tattooing the phony savior on his leg (always classy), he's also thrown in with the gay-bashers, pro-lifers and rape apologists. "Everything happens for a reason," squawks the Christian parrot. The subject gave birth to a classic Bieberism: "I don't really believe in abortion. It's like killing a baby." That one no doubt prompted a sweaty booty call from Pat Robertson.

Speaking of failed abortions, there is a reason to let the kid off the hook: his fame-pimping mom, Pattie Mallette. She likes to brag that she refused to abort Bieber. But like most white-trash pro-lifers, her parenting skills were dead on arrival. Did the kid have a chance to *not* be trash?

"Baby," coincidentally, was Bieber's first monster hit. Let's speculate on the psychological buttons that song pushed. Even more than they do his music, his Beliebers love *him*. They'd chop off their limbs for him and bleed out blissfully as he rifled through their pockets. Why? Do his hordes of teen fans fantasize about being knocked up with a Bieber baby that would tie them to him forever? Or is *he* the baby millions of Beliebers have already aborted and feel guilty about as they huddle in the corners of their pain and reread their *Twilight* books?

Whatever the sad fantasy, one thing is certain: He's an empty thing to project their pathetic needs onto—like a pet rock but with less talent. As any con man can tell you, preying on shriveled dreams is a frickin' gold mine.

But like most buttholes that get used up and blown out too fast, Biebs the person is starting to rebel against Biebs the commodity. Nearly every tabloid move he makes these days is a blatant effort to pull the escape hatch.

No. 1, he adopted a monkey—a more evolved creature than most of his fans—apparently to prove he's on the Michael Jackson fast track to Whackoville.

Exhibit 2: Bieber has been leadfooting his cars down L.A.'s already-deadly freeways in an apparent attempt to show that if James Dean could merge his body with metal at the height of his fame, so can he. He even roars around his gated community, nearly mowing down the local brats. When his neighbors confront him, he allegedly spits at them like a meth freak on bath salts. Hulking ex-NFL wide receiver Keyshawn Johnson even chased the Biebs down—raising hopes that the Canadian curse would be shipped back home in a body bag. Sadly, Biebs ran into his house like a little bitch and locked all the doors.

Thirdly, Biebs the moneybot has been malfunctioning. He shows up late for shows or cancels, ends up passing out or puking when he does show up, has sudden freakouts at photographers, and pals around with a black kid so he can blame everything on him. (That last bit he learned from Lohan.)

At press time the Biebs was trying to blast himself into space by jumping onboard the Virgin Galactic. How obvious could it be? The kid wants out. Bieber is aware that Bieber has become a colossal asshole, and to escape Bieber, Bieber may have to kill him.

Alas, we suspect the nice youngster from Ontario is already dead, consumed by the over-groomed, swaggerized narcissist that carries his name.

It's just a matter of time before what's left pulls a Britney Spears, shaves his head and descends into total incoherence. Not even that would be original, but it would be better than Bieber releasing any more so-called albums. All hail the downward spiral. Short of going back in time and convincing Pattie to have that abortion after all, it's our only hope. H

ONANISTIC OVERACHIEVERS

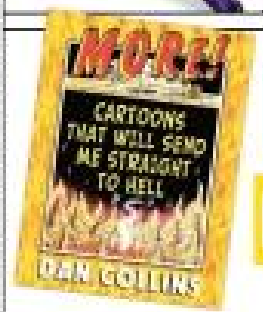
Since 1995, adventurous men and women in cities like San Francisco, London and Montreal have been staging Masturbate-a-Thons. The current record for longest wanking session is reportedly almost ten hours. On the other hand, the fastest ejaculation is rumored to have occurred when Congressman Paul Ryan found an Internet photo of Ayn Rand's wide-open butthole and came in 0.05 seconds.

PHOTO BY JUAN VIDAL JURADO

ALLURING ANDROID

In the near future, countless workers will be replaced by machines. Even strippers will be in peril if erotic robots—like this model unveiled at a tech fair in Hanover, Germany—catch on. But can it give a lap dance without electrocuting our junk?

PHOTO BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES



DIGITALLY DEMENTED

Longtime HUSTLER cartoonist Dan Collins recently launched an e-publishing company called Fun-E-Books. To purchase cool titles like Collins's *More! Cartoons That Will Send Me Straight to Hell*—or *How to Draw Cartoon Cars*, penned by his cohort George Trosley—visit **Fun-E-BooksPublishing.com**.

PORN FROM THE PAST

This chick has a nice body but a very disapproving look. "You're going to do what with that case of gherkins, Morty?" Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Half of the American people have never read a newspaper. Half never voted for President. One hopes it is the same half."—GORE VIDAL, WRITER

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Emilia Clarke LOOK LIKE WITH A DRAGON DICK IN HER MOUTH?

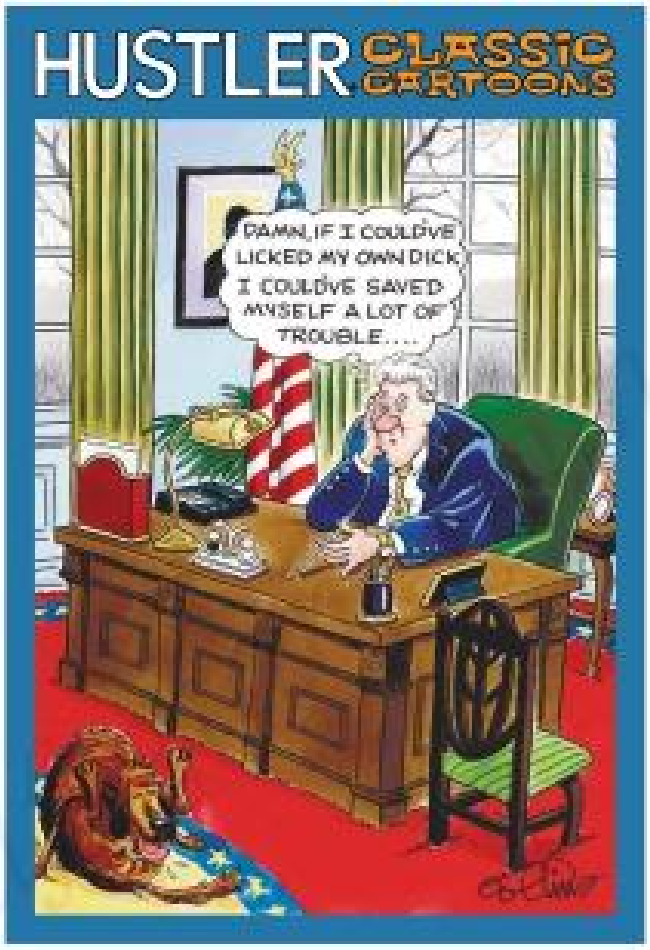
HBO's *Game of Bones*. Pardon us, *Game of Thrones* knows that a medieval fantasy series isn't worth dragonshit if it's not well-stocked with babes. Emilia Clarke was a virtual unknown before being cast as Daenerys Targaryen. Stardom is fickle, so she'd be wise to stay in the good graces of the producers. If Emilia gets too big for her britches, the writing staff might be ordered to pen an episode in which her character is forced to fellate a fire-breather.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Emilia Clarke actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES

POLE POSITION

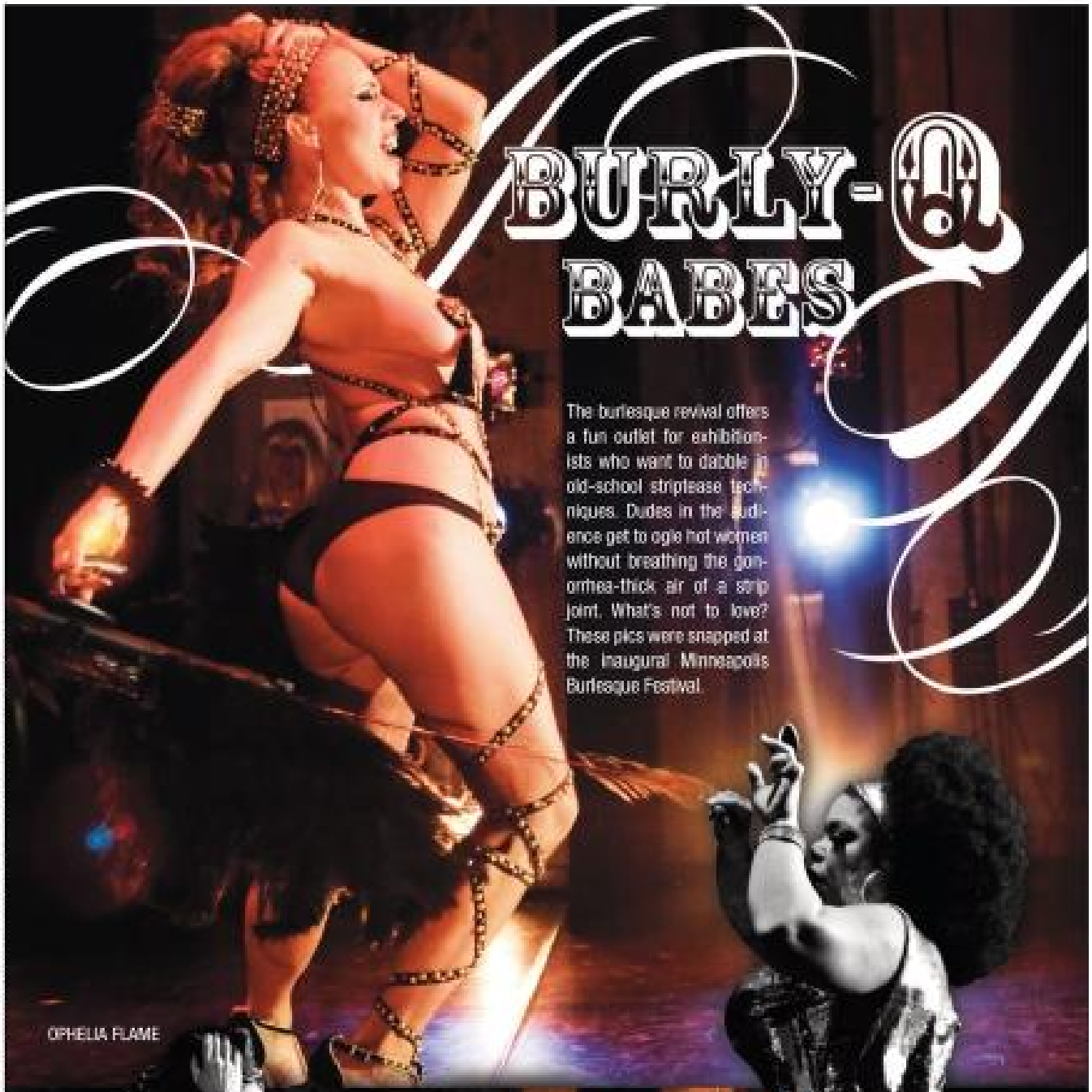
Pole dancing has gone mainstream. Once a sacred art practiced only by high priestesses of Skankdom, it's now exercise fodder for Midwestern grandmothers. Dust off your moves, ladies, because the World Pole Dance Championships 2013 is right around the corner.



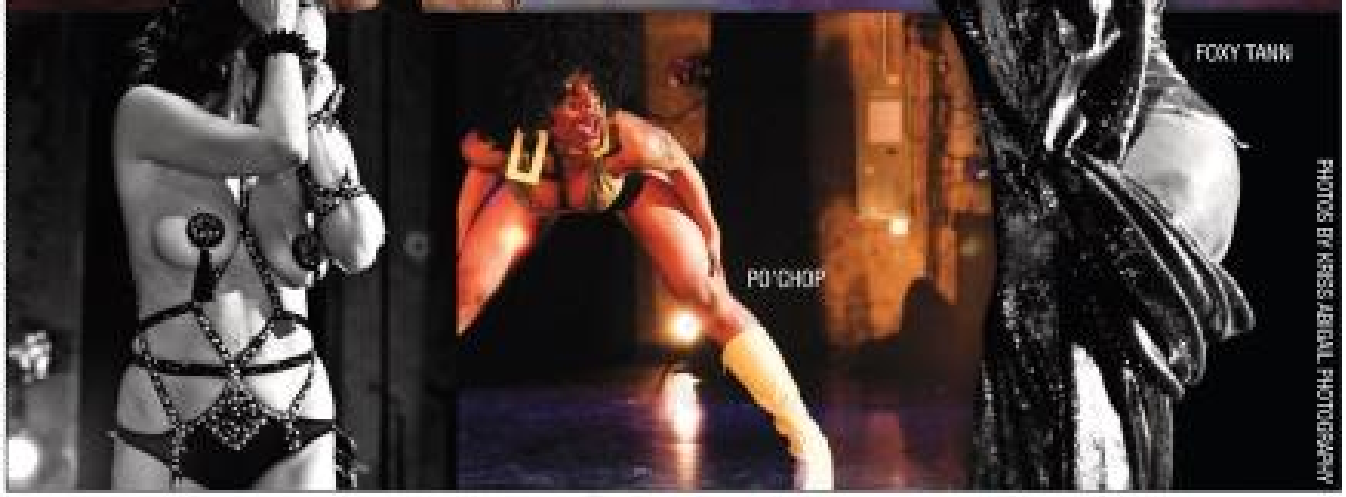
"The people who cast the votes decide nothing. The people who count the votes decide everything." —JOSEF STALIN, DICTATOR

BURLY-Q BABES

The burlesque revival offers a fun outlet for exhibitionists who want to dabble in old-school striptease techniques. Dudes in the audience get to ogle hot women without breathing the gonorrhea-thick air of a strip joint. What's not to love? These pics were snapped at the Inaugural Minneapolis Burlesque Festival.



OPHELIA FLAME



FOXY TANN

PO'CHOP

PHOTOS BY KRISS ABIGAIL PHOTOGRAPHY

"We always want the best man to win an election. Unfortunately, he never runs." —WILL ROGERS, HUMORIST

"She's never bought herself a drink in her life..."

Gospel Truth

I just finished reading your 39th Anniversary Issue, and I want to thank Larry Flynt et al. for being true warriors in the fight for our freedom of speech. I was only eight at the time of that fateful Supreme Court decision [*HUSTLER v. Falwell*, 1988], but even then I knew how significant it was. You wouldn't be intimidated, and because you didn't back down, we get to enjoy your magazine today.

Thank you for the jabs at the Christian fundamentalists who would have us revert back to the Dark Ages [Graham Family Festival parody]. Taught never to question authority, those spineless shitheads let their children get fucked by the same priests who preach abstinence. What Christians call "blind faith" is really just blatant ignorance. Buried here in the middle of Bible-thumping, fly-over country, it's lonely being outnumbered by doe-eyed Christ geeks, but it's comforting to know there's others like us who don't buy that shit.

Thanks always for the political commentary, *Asshole of the Month* and your feature interviews, all more real than we'll ever get from the corporate-owned media. Of course, I must also thank you for top-notch T&A, *Beaver Hunt* and the *Hardcore Showcase* movie reviews. Is it weird that I want reviewer M.J. to critique my life as if it were a stroke flick? Hilarious!

—Mia L.
Great Falls, Montana

Our reviewer M.J., who critiques everything as if it were a stroke flick, will be happy to comply. Please send us more details.

Cumming First

You are in cutthroat competition with the Internet! Your main advantage is money. You can hire the most beautiful models in existence and show their incredibly beautiful pussies like no Internet site can! For example, Alaina Fox in the April '13 issue. Spread the girls' legs to kingdom cum! Then there will be no competition—unless, of course, the Man is a pervert!

—George Gerhab
Hellertown, Pennsylvania

Shafted

I'm a 49-year-old man, balding and have a small belly, 5-11, blue eyes. I've been having sex with girls, women and ladies since I was 11 years old. But since my divorce in '91 I've been robbed, screwed over and even made homeless from my own apartment. So I started experimenting on myself.

My last lady preferred anal sex over the pussy, and she made me do her with a very large cucumber. She came so hard, it shot the cucumber about 12 to 15 feet and sprayed her ass cum all over like I was showering. It actually tasted like pussy cum. But it soaked through the towel under her blanket on the bed, the mattress and box springs and was dripping onto the carpet under the bed.

So I figured I'd try doing myself anally with several toys. Over the past six years I've learned to cum anally while jacking off. First time, I thought I died and went to heaven. But I'm not gay. I'm looking for a single lady, same age or younger, that will let me do her while she's doing me.

—Darryl Bales
Phoenix, Arizona

Is Briana Blair ramping up for a run as our next Porn Star of the Year?

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

A man in Napa, California, a man in Phoenix, Arizona, a man in Rusko, Finland, and three other men were USAF postnatal resonant cavity control neural implanted with Nazi technology—"mind control records" from Dachau Aviation Research Laboratories after WWII. Newborn babies have a large triangle of no bone between their noses and eyes. That is how the USAF postnatally neural implanted us, up our noses into our rapidly developing synapses' terminal bulbs, which control everything: thinking, seeing, hearing, talking, smelling, tasting, motion and emotion. MRI or CAT scans won't show my tiny three neural implants as there is too much bone in the way now. Some Nazi scientist ripped off the Nazis, perfecting this project, and then found some American accomplice (George White, narcotics agent and CIA operative) to sneak this project through funding channels and keep it secret by not having it DOD-classified. They're "gaming" me (mentally torturing me) via functions abuse, including audio. "You will be hearing from me." "We are going to game you to death, in here, or out there, either way." I will be mentally tortured for the rest of my life.

—Christopher Clement
Napa, California

Cocktease

The July '13 HUSTLER had some good and bad photos. No one gal really turned me on like Rikki Six did a few months ago. A big surprise was Bree Olson winning your Porn Star of the Year award. As you noted, she hasn't done XXX movies for a couple years now.

I would have thought you'd feature Bree in a whole new, completely naked layout. It's not as much fun to stare at her holding her trophy with a dress on. If you had a contest to pick this winner, I must have missed it. More publicity next year is a must. I would have voted for Gina Lynn as Porn Star of the Year and Century.

The best overall layout model was D-cup blonde Briana Blair. Every part of her perfectly tanned body was shown off. **—Bill Smith**
Chicago, Illinois

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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BLANCHE
BRADBURRY
SEIZE THE DAY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

pdf-giant.com

Her stage name might make **Blanche Bradburry** sound like a character from an Edith Wharton novel, but there's nothing stuffy about this vigorous Virgo. "I wish I could fuck all day and never get tired," she says.

"I'm very open to experimentation," **Blanche** boasts. "I've had experiences at swingers' parties, played around with women, done some light bondage and been with two guys at the same time. I haven't done a gangbang yet, but it's on my list of things to try."

pay-giant.com

BLANCHE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Ostrava, Czech Republic** | AGE: **24**
HEIGHT: **5-6** | MEASUREMENTS: **36-24-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy Style**

Filthy Mess

Feast your eyes on the world's sloppiest fetish.

by Lana Sias

Photography by Shameless

Wet and messy.
Don't act like you haven't heard of it.
Girls in gooey, sticky stuff.
What's not to love?
But there's more to it than that.
This is a business and an art form.
There are mechanisms to the desire, and
there's something called a Splattgun.
Brace yourselves.

Maybe Laurel and Hardy were on to something when they showed us how amazing a pie in the face could be, particularly in the hands of professionals. No one takes pieing more seriously than our friend David at WetAndMessy.com. He takes it to the next level.

David is a quiet, focused man. If you saw him anywhere else, you wouldn't guess he regularly douses women in chocolate sauce, wet clay, whipped cream, green slime and our favorite: baked beans. But we don't choose our passions; they choose us.

As we watch David prepare his concoctions and set up his camera, we ask: How did he figure out he was a wet-and-messy fan? >>

When he was a young thing, just shy of 17, he went—well, snuck into—the Tropicana. The Hollywood spot was a popular haunt in the '80s and '90s. Men flocked to it. On any given night you could find movie stars, rock stars and superstar athletes. It's even referenced in Mötley Crüe's "Girls, Girls, Girls." But its most memorable charm was the mud wrestling.

David gazed in awe as the girls at the Tropicana got down and dirty in pools of mud and oil, wallowing like pigs in slop. He knew he liked it, but it wasn't until one evening while watching the HBO series *Real Sex* that he realized this messy mayhem wasn't something everyone was into.

"I was like, wait a second; this is a fetish?" David recalls. "There's so much of it that's in mainstream culture. There's mud wrestling; there's wet T-shirt contests. I just figured everyone liked it. So I had the exact opposite experience of everyone else who was like, 'Oh, I've found my people. I'm not weird.' I was like, wait a second. I'm weird?"

PRIMORDIAL OOZE

David had to know more, so he sought out the man profiled on the HBO show. His name, as it turned out, was Dave. This Dave owned a site called MudPuddleVisuals.com. He liked to take girls out and film them in silt, clay, quicksand, mud, what have you. They'd act out little scenarios and get really slick, slide their beautiful bodies all over one another and sometimes do all those naughty things that ladies like to do when there are no men around.

"I started Mud Puddle Visuals in 1994 as a BBS [bulletin-board system]," muddy Dave divulges. "I had a large collection of fetish magazines and some images from early WAM [wet and messy] producers. I decided to scan them and make them available for download. Back in those days, people connected to BBS systems via modem. It was just before the Internet became popular. The WAM community was very small, and communications were generally through regular mail. I started shooting original content in 1998."

It was around this time that messy David contacted muddy Dave. Dave took David under his wing, let him shoot and brought him on to help him produce the high-quality content that was sorely lacking at the time.

Dave no doubt took David on so readily because he understood what the young man was going through. There was this thing they liked to see and do, and there just wasn't enough of the good stuff around. So, as many men do, they sought to create that thing. But where does it come from, this desire to see girls covered in stuff?

"My personal angle on wamplay is voyeuristic," Dave explains, "with specific emphasis on mud and quicksand. I used to play in the mud as a teenager but stopped doing that regularly by the time I was in college. There really wasn't much of an opportunity at that point. But my appetite for mud and quicksand scenes was intense. Video stores were really popular back then [the mid-'80s], so I spent a lot of time renting videos looking for scenes. The mud-wrestling scene in *Stripes*, for example, was a big deal back then.

"I think the thing I love about mud and quicksand is that it's incredibly difficult to produce, and as such, I have very little competition. But really, we have always strived to produce scenes at least as well as Hollywood does. It's probably one of the few fetish categories that can honestly compare to mainstream media efforts."

FETISH VARIABLES

Messy David learned all he could from muddy Dave, but even back in '98 he was a smart guy. David looked around at his competitors and saw an opportunity. The Internet was new, and no one had taken the domain name WetAndMessy.com. He bought it. He didn't know when he'd need it; he just knew that he would.

Finally, in 2007, with the help of his muddy friend, David launched WetAndMessy.com. Like Dave, he focused on producing high-quality content. But unlike his competitors, he would do it at regular intervals. It was the quality of his work and the frequency of his updates that helped him break from the pack.

When it comes to wet-and-messy aficionados, what they like varies greatly—not just in terms of substances used but what other variables of the fetish arouse them. David is very honest about it: "I have a very diverse group of fans, and they all like different aspects of it. There are those that say, 'When you pie the girl, she has to immediately clean her face off.' And there are other people who are like, 'No, no, you have to keep building it up.' It's a wacky, particular group." He mentions some who request specifically that girls wear socks. Others focus on the sound the substance makes in contact with the girl's skin or her noises in reaction to it.

Muddy Dave is happy to expound on his specialty: "Well, I think you'll find that when you get to slicing wet and messy into subcategories, the mud-and-quicksand guys don't cross over into other substances very much. They are more likely to cross over into things like Vore [bodies consuming each other], Stuck [bodies unable to escape whatever muck they're in] and Mummification [what it sounds like, usually involving some sort of plastic wrap]. Having said that, there are a fair amount of 'coverage' guys that go after our outtake footage of gals surfacing after submerging in clay and peat. As far as my own content goes, I like clay for erotic responses and cork or peat for dramatic scenes."

THE DREAM NOT-JOB

Messy David has his own specific quirks: "Mud is my primary interest, but I also like the slapstick, pie-in-the-face stuff." He points to a large poster he has of the movie *The Great Race* with Natalie Wood and Tony Curtis, famous for its epic pie fight. Ms. Wood cavorts in the sexiest little pink corset, garter and stockings, taking pies to the face like a champ.

Like the movie, David's work is fun. The girls almost always look happy. Odette, the cute model he was working with on the day we showed up, says he's a pleasure to work with. David counters with his own compliment, saying he likes to work with Odette because she has a great connection to the medium.

Do people ever get curious when they see David stocking up on supplies?

There are those that say, 'When you pie the girl, she has to immediately clean her face off.' And there are other people who are like, 'No, no, you have to keep building it up!'

OUTDOOR PHOTOS COURTESY MUDPUDDLEVISUALS.COM

I get a variety of comments in the checkout line at Smart & Final. 'That's a lot of cake mix' or 'Somebody likes pudding!' Most of the time I just agree with them. Occasionally someone will ask, 'What are you going to do with all of those pies?' And I say, in a very matter-of-fact tone, 'I'm going to throw them at pretty women.' That ends the conversation."

So is this his dream job?

"I still have my day job," he answers. "This is my dream not-job."

SPLATTGUN ESPIONAGE

We talk with David about his amazing Splattgun™ as much as he is willing. We learn it was inspired by the kids' movie *Bugsy Malone*, in which the brats use "splurge guns" to fire custard pies at rival gangsters. Today we get to see its progeny in action, but David bans photos. Apparently, this is a very competitive field when it comes to innovation. In fact, splashing specialists are not above espionage.

He tells us about the time a model was offered money to spy on his prized contraption and bring back drawings of it and information about how it worked. Luckily, she refused. David calls himself the "Chuck Yeager of messy splat guns," having tested his devices on himself many times before moving on to models. He has war stories of substances tried and hospital-grade mishaps from splats gone wrong. We learn that applesauce is not the business. It stings and leaves welts. Shaving cream is still tops.

Never at rest, David's already the owner of 3DWAM.com. He gives us a demonstration of splashing's new dimensions. It's delicious in indescribable ways. You will want to reach out and touch it.

But according to muddy Dave, "There is a dilution of quality going on within the WAM production environment. That is because the traditional barriers of Web-hosting and billing systems have come down due to zero-cost download stores. Anybody with a webcam, cellphone or cheap videocamera can shoot a scene and put it up for sale. So there is a glut of WAM content and a subsequent race to the bottom regarding prices. This is putting a lot of pressure on professional producers and making it hard for them to stay in the business."

For visionaries David and Dave, wamplay is an art. Not everyone can take an amazing photograph. You don't film your own wedding with a handheld camera. It's a beauteous moment that deserves to be framed by a master. The same goes for a girl covered in baked beans.

"Hopefully," Dave says, "folks will realize before it's too late that scenes produced with quality in mind are more fun to watch. As for me, I'll keep doing this as long as I can."

"He ain't the only one, pal!"

"Gaze on that, Yolanda! Would you lick anything that looked and smelled like a swamp?!"

The best sex is always with someone you love," **Florence Dolce** whispers. "In this day and age you can buy or see pretty much anything. Genuine lovemaking is the one thing you can't replicate." Foxy **Florence** is far from predictable. The Southern sweetie digs F. Scott Fitzgerald books and *Star Trek* reruns, the Beatles' White Album makes her "orgasmic," and she harbors secret fantasies about "hot chicks with dicks." Above all, she craves laughter. "I'd do Chris Farley before Patrick Swayze in a heartbeat," **Florence** discloses. "If you lack a sense of humor, you don't stand a chance with me."

FLORENCE
DOLCE

SWEET SURPRISE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

FLORENCE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Savannah, Georgia** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-7**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-24-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@FlorenceDolce**

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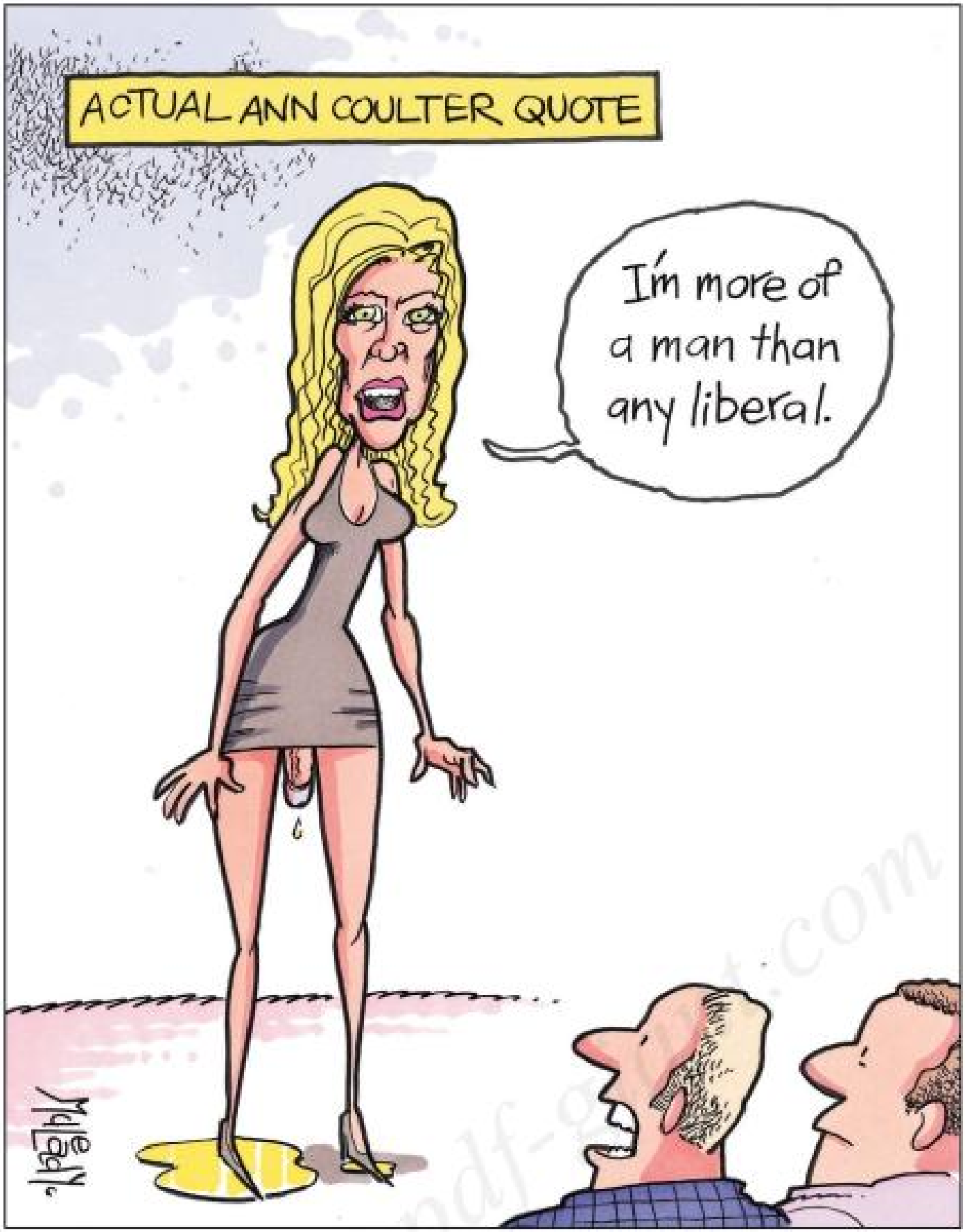


"That's the truest thing she's ever said."

MAKING ENEMIES

INSIDE THE FBI'S TERROR FACTORY

IN THE WAKE OF THE BOSTON BOMBINGS, A DISTURBING FACT IS BEING OBSCURED: THE FBI ACTUALLY CREATES MORE TERROR PLOTS THAN IT CRACKS.

INTERVIEW BY MARK JOHNSON

You may not see it much on the news, but the FBI doesn't only get involved in major terrorist events after they happen—in many cases it's there at the very beginning. Government agents have been running sting operations, providing supposedly dangerous dupes with everything from motive to means. Investigative reporter Trevor Aaronson, author of *The Terror Factory: Inside the FBI's Manufactured War on Terrorism*, reveals that while the agency is busy collaborating with criminals and ensnaring innocent citizens to justify its budgets, real threats are being ignored.

HUSTLER: Your book came out just before the Boston Marathon bombings. Did that event damage your argument or vindicate it?

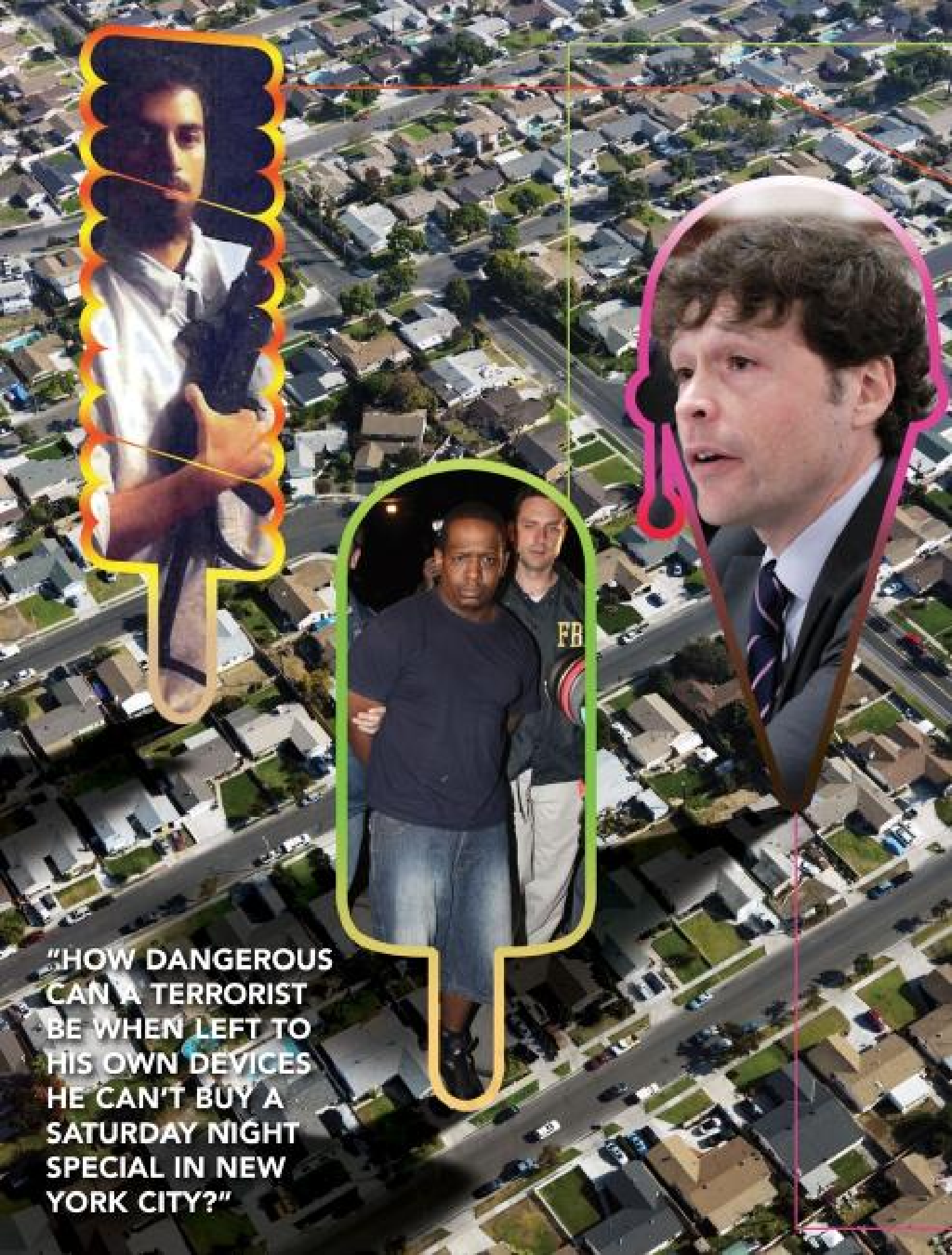
TREVOR AARONSON: The Boston case really gets at the question I answer in the book: What has the FBI been missing while it's been so focused on sting operations? The Boston case suggests that real threats like the Tsarnaevs are going unnoticed.

Is there any likelihood that an FBI informant was involved in that case?

Anything I would say on that would be speculative, but the family has said that Tamerlan Tsarnaev's contact with the FBI lasted for long periods of time. It's not unusual for the FBI to approach a Muslim, realize that he is not a threat and then try to recruit him as an informant. Whether or not Tamerlan was ever an informant, the FBI claims publicly that they investigated him in January 2011, and he wasn't a threat. That's where they say officially that their tracking of him stopped.

In that same month they had Aronwan Ferdous on their radar. This was a guy who came to their attention through a heroin-addicted informant paid by the FBI. >>

IDEAS
HOME MADE
TO TAKE AWAY
"ICE CREAM"
A BLAST
OF FLAVOR!
Sweet Justice
"We have what you need"


"HOW DANGEROUS CAN A TERRORIST BE WHEN LEFT TO HIS OWN DEVICES HE CAN'T BUY A SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL IN NEW YORK CITY?"

Ferdaus allegedly told him this story of how he had a plan to load a remote-controlled airplane with explosives and fly it into the U.S. Capitol. Obviously the idea was patently ridiculous, but what was even worse was the fact that Ferdaus didn't have any means of doing this plot on his own. He had no money. He had no access to weapons. He was just a loud-mouthed miscreant.

Instead of pursuing Tamerlan Tsarnaev in January 2011, the FBI decided to launch this sting operation against Ferdaus. They had the informant introduce two undercover agents to Ferdaus who were posing as al-Qaeda operatives. They said, "We can help you make your plan possible," and gave him $4,000, which he used to purchase a remote-controlled airplane. They then paid for a trip to Washington, where he scouted out locations. Then in the final stage they gave him explosives and C4 for the bomb.

At that point they arrest Rezwan Ferdaus and charge him with conspiracy to destroy a federal building and material support for terrorism. He had no capacity for committing an act of terrorism on his own. It was the FBI informant and undercover agents that gave him everything he needed. This guy, in FBI parlance, was far "more aspirational than operational" and yet they spent all of these FBI resources investigating him. That same month they reportedly said of Tamerlan Tsarnaev, "No, he's not a threat; let's not worry about him."

The FBI also missed Faisal Shahzad, who delivered a bomb to Times Square in 2010. It didn't go off, but what was amazing is the FBI didn't know a thing about him until he delivered that bomb.

Why does the FBI operate this way when it's not working?

One of the things they say is: If you're an FBI agent, and you get a tip that this guy says he wants to commit an act of terrorism, you don't want to be the FBI agent who says let's let him mature out of it, then in six months discover that he actually found out a way to get a bomb, delivered it to a shopping mall and killed innocent people.

But this is really a bureaucratic problem. The FBI now gets $3 billion for its counterterrorism program. It's the largest part of its budget. So the FBI has to find a way to say, "Hey, look at us. We're spending your money and keeping you safe." The evidence shows that the threat really isn't there. The sting operations are really only netting these guys who never have the capacity, never have the weapons, never have the plan; in some cases they never even have the idea.

There's a case, for example, in Newburgh, New York, right outside of New York City. They ran this sting operation on a man with a history of mental illness named James Cromitie and gave him the idea for the attack. He was going to plant bombs at a synagogue in the Bronx and use a Stinger missile that would take down airplanes taking off from the local airport. The FBI would provide everything he needed: the Stinger missiles, the transportation, the bombs, everything.

About halfway through the sting operation they became concerned that Cromitie would wise up and back out. If he backed out, they wouldn't have any charges they could bring. They realized Cromitie was a felon. He'd gone to jail earlier in life for selling crack cocaine, and if they could get him with a gun, they'd have a backup felony gun charge if the sting fell apart.

The informant gives Cromitie $500 and says, "Go to New York City and buy a gun." Cromitie spends the whole evening searching around for someone that he could buy a gun from and isn't able to find anyone—isn't able to buy a gun in New York City! He comes back to the informant and says, "Sorry. I couldn't get a gun. Here's your money back."

FBI Director Robert Mueller testified before Congress, describing what a great danger James Cromitie would have been had he been able to move forward in his terrorist plot. But the same man that the FBI director describes to Congress as being dangerous is the man who with $500 in his pocket couldn't even buy a gun. How dangerous can a terrorist be when left to his own devices he can't buy a Saturday Night Special in New York City?

Who are these informants?

Average people who live standup lives don't make good informants, so the FBI ends up having to use people who have criminal records. Take Shahed Hussain. This was a man who fled Pakistan because he had been accused of murder and comes to the United States. He was running a number of scams, one of which was working with DMV employees to help illegal immigrants get driver's licenses so they could become cabbies in New York City. When he got caught, they converted him into an informant. Most of the informants who act as agents provocateur for the FBI have some really colorful pasts, including drug-dealing, robbing tollbooths and very violent crimes. >>

JAMES CROMITIE PHOTO BY CHRISTOPHER SADOWSKI/SPLASH NEWS
FAISAL SHAHZAD PHOTO BY ASSOCIATED PRESS
OTHER PHOTOS COURTESY U.S. MARSHAL'S SERVICE AND U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE

There was a recent case in Seattle that targeted a man who had schizoaffective disorder, which meant he had trouble distinguishing between reality and fantasy, which obviously made him very easy to be manipulated. The informant who targeted him was a five-time sex offender with a history of child molestation! The most odious man you could possibly imagine had then been hired by the FBI to move forward in the sting operation.

How many FBI terror plots do we know about?

Since 9/11 there have been approximately 175 defendants who have been caught in sting operations where the FBI provided the means and opportunity—and in some cases the idea—for the crime. When you compare that to people who actually pose a significant danger, it's jaw-droppingly low. There are about seven, if you count the Tsarnaev brothers, who posed a significant threat. Since 9/11 there are still far more people killed by lone gunmen like we saw in Colorado and Newtown, Connecticut, than there have been people killed by Islamic terrorists.

Trevor Aaronson

If the FBI were to go into areas where there are groups of white supremacists and offered people the opportunity to commit violence in the same way it offers the people in the fringes of Muslim communities to commit violence, you would find those same people who would say yes. The problem is the FBI doesn't do that.

Don't the serious guys know what the game is by now so they can avoid it?

I've heard the joke a number of times from Muslims that when they pray on Friday, they just assume the guy next to them is an informant. The Tsarnaevs did appear to be bumblers, but they were sophisticated enough to put together a bomb. That means that they were smart enough not to go to the mosque and start talking about how they wanted to get involved in an act of terrorism and engage an informant who leads them along. The really dangerous guys aren't likely to fall for a simple trap.

How much money does an informant make?

You can make six-figure paydays plus expenses and have your phone paid for. Shahed Hussain, the accused murderer from Pakistan, was paid $100,000 for his work in the Newburgh case. That's in addition to a performance incentive, which is a set amount of money that an informant will make upon the successful prosecution of a defendant. Agents have told me those can be tens of thousands of dollars as well. So a good informant on an individual case that may last four to six months is making $100,000 plus maybe another $30,000 to $40,000 in performance incentives. You do that a couple of times a year, and you're making serious money.

These are men that because of their backgrounds aren't likely to make a lot of money in the free market. So the FBI gig is really about as good as it gets. What's concerning from a justice perspective is that they have a direct financial incentive in prosecutions. They're not looking for the person who is going to pose a danger; they're looking for the next sucker that they can get in a terrorism sting operation because they know that means money for them.

How do these cases stand up in court? Isn't it entrapment?

Any entrapment defense is hard to win because it requires you to go to the jury and say, "You know, I committed that crime, but I wouldn't have been able to do it were it not for the government agent overpowering my will." In terrorism cases 11 people have formally argued entrapment as a result of a sting, and none has been successful. The government has been very successful in putting on the stand government experts with dubious credentials who will testify about how "this defendant watched a militant jihadi video produced by al-Qaeda and known to help with the self-radicalization process, so this man was radicalized before the government agent was introduced."

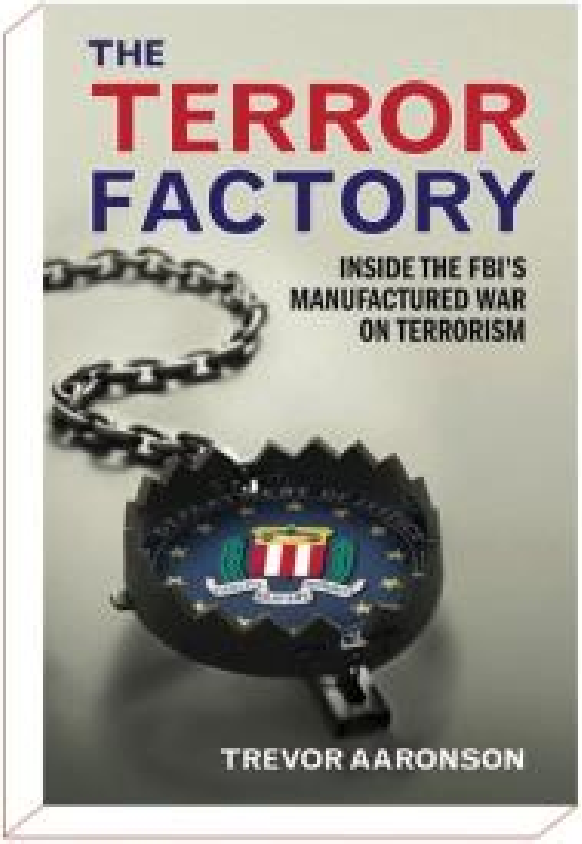
One government expert named Evan Kohlmann gets paid to testify about how people self-radicalize just by watching jihadi videos. What's ridiculous is I've watched jihadi videos, you have, your readers probably have—they're on the news. There isn't this huge rash of terrorists who come out after watching jihadi videos.

The other issue is that because the government controls the whole sting, they could choose to make it a minor crime. They could give the guy a gun and say, "Shoot this man in the kneecap in the name of jihad," but they don't. They give him a huge sophisticated bomb that even an organized criminal organization would have trouble obtaining and get him to unleash it in a downtown area where if it were real, it would kill hundreds, if not thousands of people. The jury hears that, and it overwhelms whatever empathy they could have for the defendant.

The FBI measures its success through cases and prosecutions. If they can prosecute somebody and find him guilty, in the FBI's view this is a successful policy. There was a case in Portland, Oregon, that involved an impressionable

"THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR THE PERSON WHO IS GOING TO POSE A DANGER; THEY'RE LOOKING FOR THE NEXT SUCKER THAT THEY CAN GET IN A TERRORISM STING OPERATION BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT MEANS MONEY FOR THEM."

PHOTO BY JOHN ANDREW CARLTON



19-year-old man who got involved in a plot to bomb a Christmas-tree-lighting ceremony. At his trial it came out that there was an email from inside the FBI where they talked about how because this guy was a loser and smoked marijuana, he was very susceptible to their advances, to getting involved in a plot. An email like that suggests that the FBI's number-one focus isn't so much on figuring out who's dangerous and then going after those guys. The FBI is interested in making a case that can make careers and get you promoted.

What red flags should honest people look out for so they don't get caught up in these stings?

Informants usually fit a pattern. They tend to be overly obsessed with talking about inflammatory subjects or U.S. foreign policy, and they're always the first one to take the conversation beyond "this is messed up" to "what are you going to do about it?"

Everyone's allowed to have extremist views in the United States. Nothing has stopped the First Amendment. But the FBI is using the First Amendment almost as a tip sheet. They will find people who post extremist things on Facebook and use an informant to target that person. There are actually very few people in this country going around advocating violence. So if someone comes up to you and is trying to incite you to try to get into some sort of violent act for a political cause, there's a good chance that's an FBI informant. H

SON, GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE. PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE!
THEN ISN'T THAT THE PERFECT REASON TO HAVE UNIVERSAL BACKGROUND CHECKS ON PEOPLE?
ISN'T IT PAST YOUR BEDTIME, YOU LITTLE SHIT?
NRA

"God is an imaginary friend of grown-ups."

LACEY
LYNN
SULTRY SHOW-OFF
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Although she considers herself to be fairly shy in real life, Lacey Lynn encourages you to let your imagination go wild while eyeballing her revealing photo-spread. "It's exciting and awesome for me to think about how guys are going to look at these pictures and daydream about being with me," Lacey Lynn says. "It's flattering and a total honor to be a part of someone's fantasy!"

LACEY LYNN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Diego, California** | AGE: **19** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-26-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Cowgirl**

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"Okay, okay, I have a small penis. But must you use it to floss with?"

DILLION HARPER

NATURAL WARMTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Since radiant Dillion Harper burst onto the XXX scene, we bet she hasn't had much trouble finding sexual satisfaction—both on and off camera. But it wasn't always so easy. "The first time I had sex was a disaster," Dillion admits. "My then-boyfriend and I were just warming up when his mom walked into the room!" Sometimes the doll's enthusiastic orgasms even overwhelm people behind the scenes. "I was doing a shoot with this fucking-machine thing," Dillion recounts, "and I got so into it, I accidentally soaked the person at the controls!"

DILLION'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Yankeetown, Florida** | AGE: **21** | BUST: **32-24-34** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@DillionHarper**

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xoxo,
Dillion

Paul was constantly ashamed of his small pecker. When a chick named Mabel fell in love with him just after his 25th birthday, he was determined to keep her despite his shortcoming. So Paul turned off the lights during sex and used a hot dog as a replacement phallus.

For seven years Mabel never noticed anything amiss. Then one morning she finally caught a whiff of processed meat and gave Paul a tongue-lashing. "You've been fucking me with a hot dog this whole time?!" she shrieked.

"Gimme a break," Paul muttered. "You've got your secrets too."

"Like what?" Mabel hissed. "I don't keep anything from you."

"Are you sure about that?" Paul snorted. "I'd like to know where those two kids of ours came from."

Question: What did the 70-year-old pedophile priest say when he got out of prison?

Answer: I feel like a kid again.

Danny was walking his golden retriever puppy along the beach when a drop-dead-gorgeous blonde walked over. "He's adorable," the babe chirped. "What's his name?"

"Phone Sex," Danny replied.

"Why the heck would you name a dog Phone Sex!?" the blonde asked.

"Because," Danny explained, "he comes whenever I call him."

Question: What does a dominatrix give her best client on his birthday?

Answer: A gag gift.

Cletis was passing by Billy Bob's barn when he saw the numbskull doing a slow and sensual striptease in front of an old tractor. Cletis rushed in and howled, "What in the world are ya doin', Billy Bob?"

"Me and the wife been havin' trouble lately in the bedroom department," Cletis explained as he continued to shake his ass. "The marriage counselor suggested I do something sexy to a tractor."

A hip dude named Dwayne was walking down the street when he ran into his friend Maurice. "Hey, man, what's with that tuxedo?" Maurice wondered. "It's not even lunchtime!"

"I'm on my way to get a vasectomy," Dwayne remarked. "If I'm gonna be impotent, I wanna look impotent."

Question: What's a Yankee?

Answer: It's just like a quickie, but a guy can do it alone.

Question: What's the hardest part about eating a vegetable?

Answer: Getting her back into the hospital bed when you're done.

Jasper shuffled into the kitchen one morning, and the hillbilly's sourpuss wife asked him how he felt. "I feels good," Jasper replied.

"But you looks bad," the missus said.

When Jasper reported for work at the coal mine, his foreman asked him how he felt. "I feels good," Jasper announced.

"But I gotta say you look bad," the foreman sneered.

Wondering what was up, Jasper went to see a doctor. "I feels good," Jasper told him, "but everyone says I look bad."

"You sure do," the doctor concurred as he started thumbing through a hefty medical book. "Here it is," he declared 20 minutes later. "You say you feel good, but everyone says you look bad. Jasper, you're a vagina!"

GRAFFILTHY

Thanks and $50 go to M.K.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

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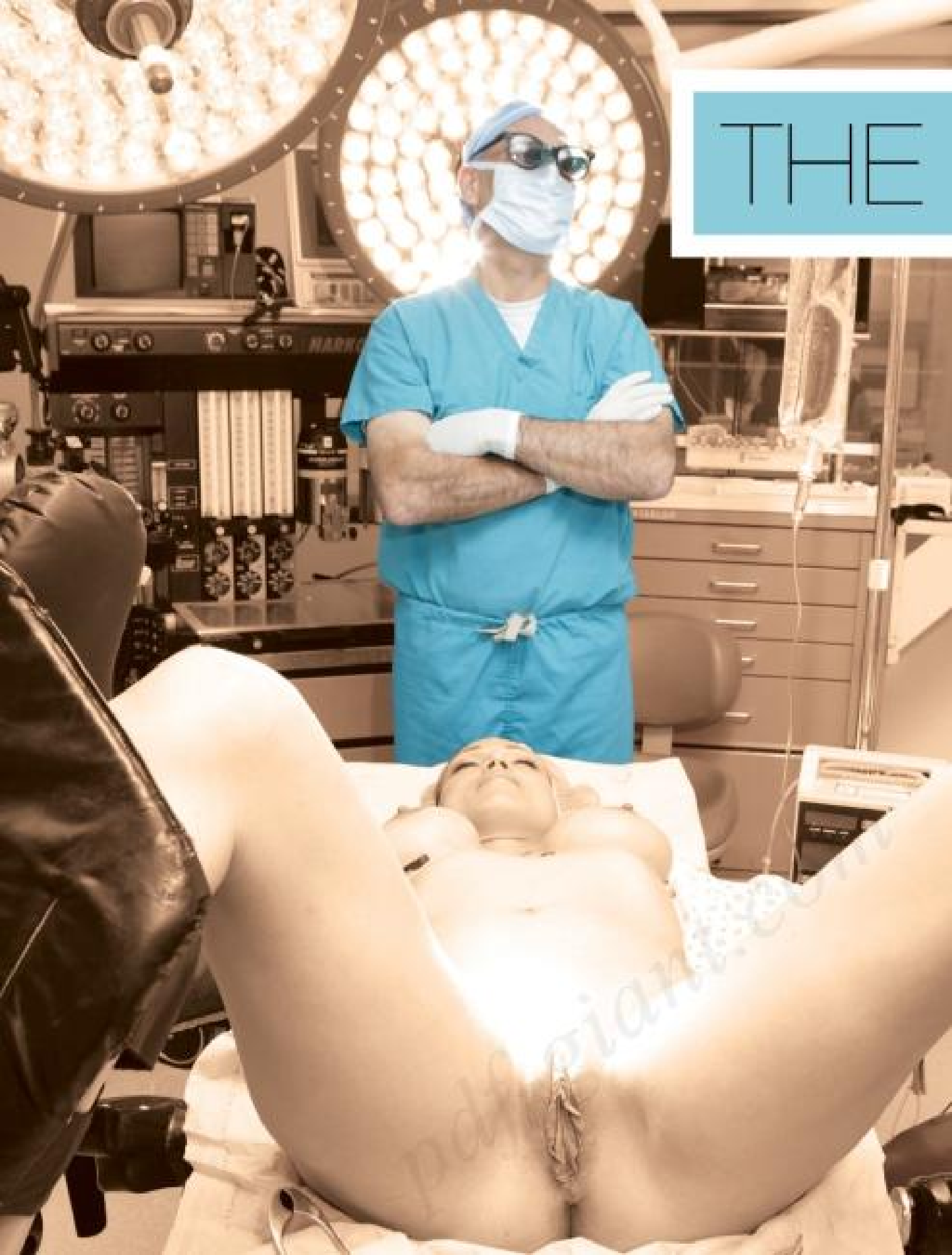

THE

PERFECT VAGINA

A MEDICAL CONQUEST

These days a woman's privates are more public than ever. One of L.A.'s top nip 'n' tuck men reveals how he sculpts the ultimate camera-ready nether region.

BY DR. JOEL ARONOWITZ

PHOTOS BY LADA VAN JANSKY

I've seen thousands of vaginas. I'm a plastic surgeon. The beauty of plastic surgery, from my perspective, is that you may be asked to improve beauty and function anywhere on the body—even between a woman's legs. Thanks to the growth of adult entertainment, our culture is saturated with images of full-frontal nudity. The pressure to look attractive has worked its way up from designer shoes and down from young-looking faces and perfect breasts—to the genitalia.

Women now remove hair from their entire body. What used to be covered by pubic hair is no longer a mystery. Women and their partners can see exactly what she's got there. That, in turn, translates into higher expectations.

Every woman I treat wants to feel pretty and desirable. If a woman is uncomfortable with her physical appearance, especially regarding her most private parts, she's unlikely to have a satisfying sexual experience (if she'll even have sex), and neither will her partner. The good news is plastic surgery can readily correct most aesthetic flaws of today's highly scrutinized vulva. It can also usually restore youthful function.

The most common problems arise during childbirth. Gynecologists are often not great surgeons; they don't do a lot of it during the birthing process, but nonetheless they are generally the ones who repair the vagina if a baby is unable to slide through the birth canal the way nature intended. A difficult birth can result in tear-

ing, thus forcing the physician to restore the layers of the vagina. Unfortunately, "closing" is generally left to the least-experienced member of the surgical team.

A quick anatomy lesson before we continue. I've noticed that most women have a better understanding of a Georgia O'Keeffe painting than their own nether parts. Shakespeare's "easy glove" is guarded by two sets of vertical lips: the labia majora (the larger and fatter outer folds of skin) and the labia minora (the smaller folds that are concealed within the labia majora).

These moist lips create a seal to the outside world.

When the vagina is damaged during birth, both sets of labia can end up permanently stretched out. Age can make the labia majora look skinny and flaplike; sometimes it can make it look puffy. Mother Nature may also cause the labia minora to hang below the outer labia majora. Deflated outer labia can be enhanced with injection of fat or other fillers. The inner labia, however, are thin folds of more tender skin.

These moist lips create a seal to the outside world. They also hold on to the shaft of any real or ersatz male part with surprising force. As these labia stretch with pulling, tugging and childbirth they tend to hang below the outer lips, creating a sloppy, tangled web of skin folds instead of a neat vertical slit. Hanging labia can also get pinched in clothing. Fortunately, they are easily trimmed back with a minor surgical procedure. Scars are minimal, and sex is interrupted for about three to four weeks.

Women and men are also very conscious about the appearance of the mons pubis, the small, plump mound of fatty tissue above the pubic bone, which protects the soft parts just below. Although traditionally covered with pubic hair, in today's world of shaving and waxing it's never been more clearly on display. The mons pubis often gets filled with fat over time and sags after pregnancy. Women frequently complain that it looks too masculine, especially in tight workout clothes. So they ask me to reduce it.

Improving a chubby mons is easy with liposuction, and it can even be lifted up when a tummy tuck is done. I'm frequently asked to fix a mons damaged unnecessarily by a surgical scar, which divides the mons straight across the middle like the seam in a pillow. I advise women before surgery to inform their gynecologist that having an inconspicuous scar is important. Most pelvic scars heal best when placed at the top of the pubic hairline and when repaired with meticulous attention to the layers, not a quick staple job. Beware of overlifting the mons with a tummy tuck, as it's connected to the labia below; no woman wants to pee standing up.

While we're in the neighborhood, let's talk clitoris. The inner lips join at the top to form a hood over a woman's most tender spot. When confronted with decreased sensitivity, I will sometimes trim a bit of the clitoral hood to expose more of the clitoris. However, complaints of decreased sensitivity are more likely due to reduced blood flow from lower estrogen (due to age) and not the hood.

On to the elusive G spot. The clitoris and head of the penis are curiously female and male versions of the same anatomical part. The shy clitoris we feel as a nubbin is actually just the tip of a larger organ. Imagine the clitoris is the center of a small wishbone. The arms of the wishbone extend back and gently wrap themselves around the top of a woman's vagina. These extensions form a more sensitive area on the roof of the vaginal tunnel you've been poking around in while trying to find something called the G spot.

The G spot is not especially sensitive in all women, but firm friction in that area will always be appreciated. Of course, men like tight as well. The vagina is really a collapsed tube wrapped in layers of muscle that provide the firm, snug feel you want. These muscles usually pulse in waves of tight contractions with orgasm. Vaginal muscles have a wonderful ability to stretch and return to form, but regular use and an occasional full-term infant can stretch and tear these muscles beyond their ability to rebound.

Not to worry, guys. Form and function can be fully restored to the eel's lair. The compact ring of muscle at the vaginal entrance can readily be tightened with well-placed sutures just below the skin. Once inside, a cavernous vagina can be readily restored to youthful snugness through the magic of geometry. A skilled surgeon can create a custom, elongated diamond design along the floor of the vaginal canal. Removal of vaginal lining within this design creates a

There is such a thing as "too tight."

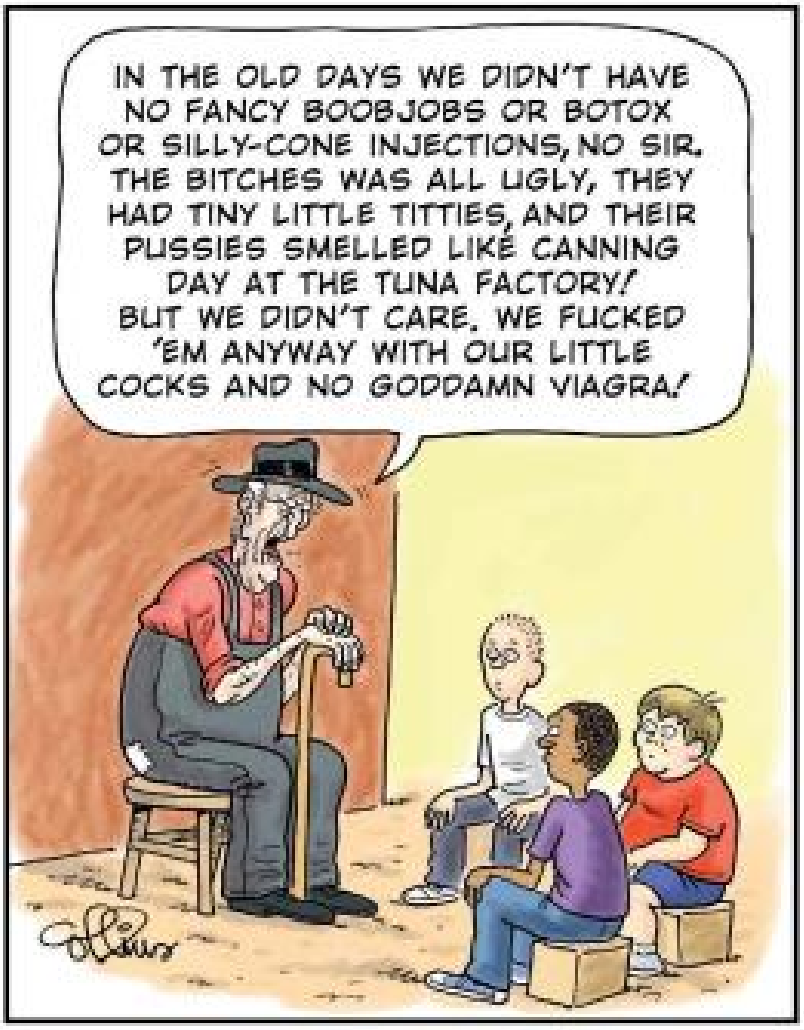
custom fit along the length of the vagina that perfectly suits the needs of a woman and her partner. The surgery heals within two to three weeks with a scar even a gynecologist won't notice.

On the other hand, there is such a thing as "too tight." When this ring of sphincter-type muscle is damaged by episiotomy cuts or tears in childbirth, it may be so tight that penetration is not a welcome experience. Often the spastic muscle ring can be relaxed very easily with a woman's best friend: Botox. If lack of moisture is an issue, that can also be improved with estrogen-replacement therapy.

Making a well-worn vagina aesthetically pleasing and well-functioning can be expensive. Procedures cost thousands of dollars—well worth it for the individuals and couples that they help, of course,

CASE 1

CASE 2


IN THE OLD DAYS WE DIDN'T HAVE NO FANCY BOOBJOBS OR BOTOX OR SILLY-CONE INJECTIONS, NO SIR. THE BITCHES WAS ALL UGLY, THEY HAD TINY LITTLE TITTIES, AND THEIR PUSSIES SMELLED LIKE CANNING DAY AT THE TUNA FACTORY! BUT WE DIDN'T CARE. WE FUCKED 'EM ANYWAY WITH OUR LITTLE COCKS AND NO GODDAMN VIAGRA!

"I'll forgive you this time, Irene. It's Thanksgiving, and I know how you prefer dark meat."

but not cheap. Sometimes, insurance covers these procedures; the difference between reconstructive and cosmetic varies with the policies.

So what's a cost-conscious vagina lover to do? Think of sex like a sport. Physically, if you overdo it, you can run yourself into the ground. By overdoing it, I mean that women can literally stretch themselves out if they put too many large objects into their vagina on a continual basis. The vagina is designed to stretch a certain amount for recreation and a certain amount for childbirth. If you blur the line of what nature intended, you may have to deal with the consequences. Vaginal-tightening techniques (particularly Kegel exercises) actually do some good if they're done on a regular basis.

The old-fashioned blowjob is safer.

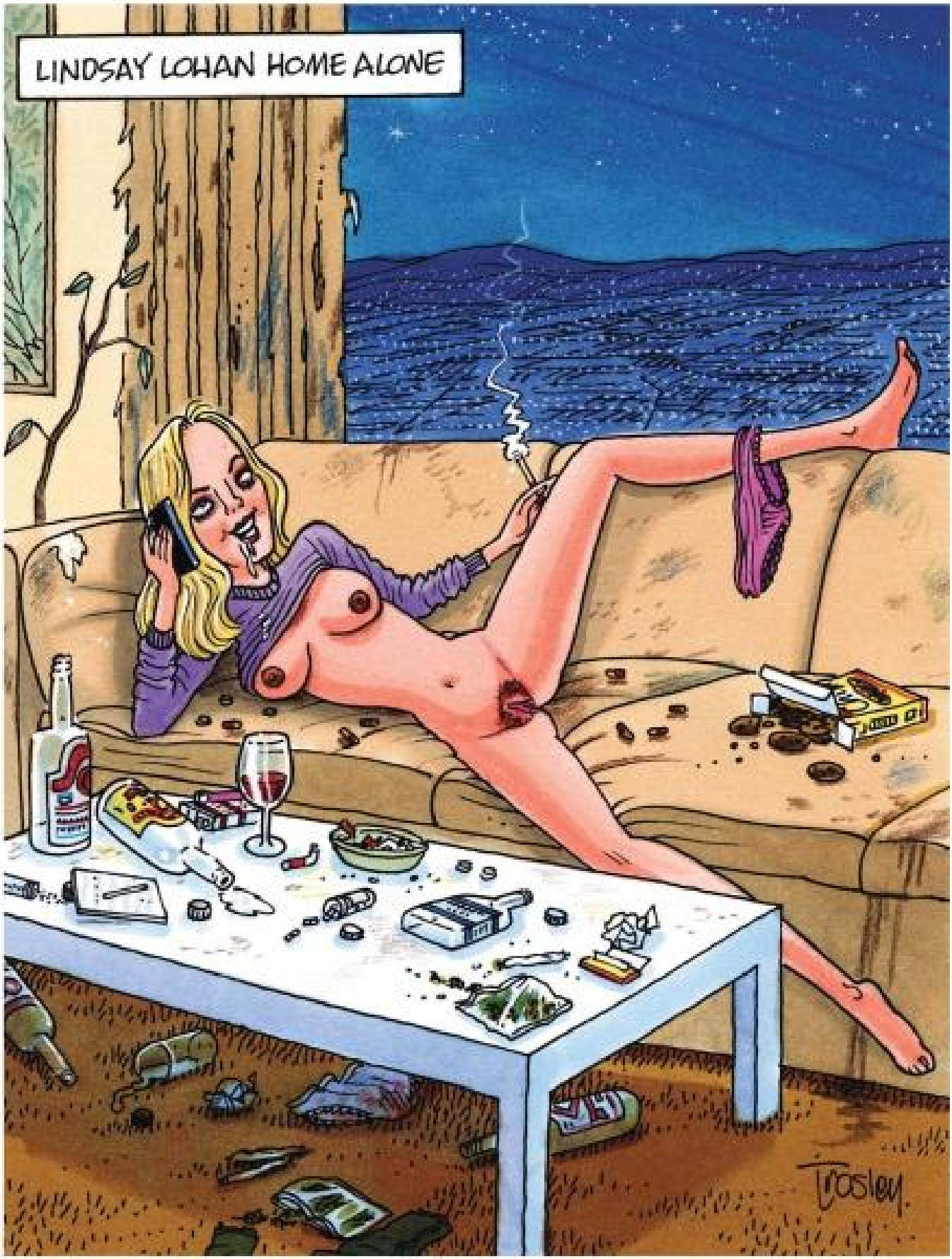
A few additional tips. Although this goes against current social trends, removing pubic hair isn't the best idea; it's not good hygiene. Hair is protective. It naturally catches dirt and bacterial particles, which means, unfortunately, that cunnilingus performed on a woman who shaves isn't great hygiene either. Also, the human mouth carries hundreds of different forms of bacteria, so a woman is at a much higher risk for bladder infections and a variety of viruses if a man goes down on her.

The flip side of oral sex, however, is not nearly as unsanitary. Unless it's got an open sore, the penis is not as vulnerable to bacteria. Therefore, the old-fashioned blowjob is much safer medically. "Doctor's orders—blow me!" is an overstatement, but it's important to know both the risks and rewards when engaging in any sexual activity.

Amazingly, thanks to industrial ingenuity, you can purchase some pretty well-constructed artificial vaginas with names like Fleshlight and Pocket Pussy online or at adult shops. But, of course, there's nothing like the real thing. If there's a vagina you love in your life, make sure its owner and you take care of it. Don't stick anything too crazy into it. And if it doesn't look or feel right, see a doctor. Nowadays society doesn't think of a woman's private parts as private; that was your mother's vagina. The vaginas of today are in plain view. Luckily, they can look and feel better than ever. H

Joel Aronowitz, M.D., is a highly revered plastic surgeon with practices in Los Angeles and Santa Monica, California. For more info, go to **AronowitzMD.com**.

DISCLAIMER: The ideas and practices described in this article are for informational and entertainment purposes only, concern invasive and potentially dangerous medical procedures, and do not constitute medical advice of any kind.



"Sure, you can stop over, fuck me and come in my mouth. Who is this?"

ASSACRE

DIGITAL SIN. DIRECTOR: BUSTER HUMP. STARRING: AJ APPLEGATE, LONDON KEYES, LEA LEXIS, NIKITA BELLUCCI, JORDAN ASH, XANDER CORVUS, BILLY GLIDE & MICK BLUE.

It took how many years of anal hardcore being around for somebody to finally come up with that awesome title? This sphincter-shredder dials it up to 11 in the first scene with top-shelf Asian baldtrainer London Keyes taking some serious sausage—not to mention a huge nightstick-looking dildo—deep in the sewer pipe. The only thing more mesmerizing than London's buttwork is her cock-slobbering. Somebody should think about bottling that saliva; you could hydrate a small country with it. Lea Lexis gets butt-ripped next, and her cocksman takes no prisoners. But save some splooge for slender, tight-assed beauty Nikita Bellucci. Her scene seems like something that shouldn't exist: a supermodel getting pounded in the ass, then rimjobbing her rear-wrecker. The memory of Nikita's punishment will make you hard for weeks to come. Trashy-cute AJ Applegate is the final casualty. If you ever wanted to nail on the rectum of that cute blonde who works at the local burger joint, AJ is happy to step in and serve you a triple-pounder, hold the mercy. Yeah, we're not sure what that means either; the blood won't go back to our brains. Get help!

—Mark Johnson

LEA LEXIS

LONDON KEYES

THIS MONTH'S MASTER STROKE

CLERKS XXX: A PORN PARODY

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: B. SKOW. STARRING: ALLIE HAZE, LEXI SWALLOW, CHASTITY LYNN, JAYDEN LEE, KELLY DIVINE, MARK DAVIS, BRIAN STREET TEAM, SETH GAMBLE, BARRY SCOTT & EVAN STONE.

Somebody tell Kevin Smith to put down the bong and find his penis because he's going to want to jerk off to this! He should do so proudly because let's be honest, how many no-budget indies get porn parodies? Smith is the guy who made the original *Clerks* and played the immortal Silent Bob. It launched his career, mostly because the flick was fucking hilarious—a slacker classic. What makes this XXX ripoff a whacker classic is dollfaced Allie Haze, who you filth-geeks may remember as a horny Princess Leia. This time she's a smut jockey at a sex shop who doesn't mind fucking her coworker behind the counter. Ever wanted to see a young Alicia Silverstone get pounded? Allie's the spitting image—and has sucked way more than 37 dicks! Meanwhile, out in the parking lot, Chastity Lynn as an awesomely slutty version of Jay is ready to "fuck anything that moves," and she does. Shit, we just ran out of space, so we can't tell you everything else that happens, but most of it involves premium pussy and the occasional anus. That'll keep the jizz moppers busy. Is this the movie Kevin Smith would have made if he'd had enough money to pay porn stars? Probably, but it would have had more chicks with dicks! That's another *Clerks* reference. Rent it already.

—M.J.

ALLIE
HAZE

THIS AIN'T DIE HARD XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: BROOKLYN LEE, LEILANI LEEANE, HOLLY TAYLOR, CAPRI CAVANNI, KIMBERLY KANE, PHOENIX MARIE, SASHA HEART, DERRICK PIERCE, RYAN DRILLER, BILLY GLIDE & TOMMY GUNN.

Thanks to porn and Larry Flynt kickin' historical ass at the Supreme Court, it's always a good day to live free and fuck hard with a vengeance! For some unknown reason, it's Christmas in this bitch, and what better way to get into the holiday spirit than blowing Santa? Gloriously trashy Holly Taylor makes the jolly red bastard holler "Ho, ho, ho!" as she gets her stocking stuffed. Then Kimberly Kane busts in and announces that she and her chesty cohorts Capri Cavanni and Phoenix Marie "represent the finest in international terrorism" before spraying bullets. Babes with assault weapons! Fuck yeah, Second Amendment! Kickass Kane takes some hostages and says they're after Larry Flynt's porno money. Blah, blah, blah, back to the fucking. Turns out trading vagina for intel works great. (Those fuckups at the FBI should take note.) Rolling in cash, Capri celebrates by shoving toys up her twat. Now we ain't saying she's a gold digger—but that's exactly what we're saying. Leilani Leeane continues the fuck-by-numbers filth, but at least she's hot as an obligatory bomb blast. The hostages get saved, as if anyone cares. But more importantly, Brooklyn Lee soaks up loads of hero-splooge in a climactic rooftop pounding. Yippie-ki-yay, motherfucker! Order the action-packed *This Ain't Die Hard XXX* by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. ***—Andy Parker***

MEET BONNIE

DIGITAL SIN. DIRECTOR: EDDIE POWELL. STARRING: BONNIE ROTTEN, SKIN DIAMOND, ASPHYXIA NOIR, MICK BLUE, BRUCE VENTURE & RAMON NOMAR.

What do you get when you combine stunning good looks, loads of ink and a killer sex drive? Answer: Bonnie Rotten. Covered in more art than the Louvre, Bonnie burst onto the porn scene in 2012, and this four-scene fuckfest serves as the starlet's hardcore initiation. It doesn't matter if it's girl-on-girl or an ass-roaming, all-holes-stuffed DP, the tattooed newbie is eager and willing to take on all comers. After a quick intro, Bonnie wastes no time getting her feet wet as she wraps her mouth and tight twat around a big cock before taking a cumshot to the eye! Without batting an eyelash, Bonnie proves she can take it up the ass like a pro as she displays some awesome anal acrobatics. Taking a break from some dick, Bonnie joins galpals Skin Diamond and Asphyxia Noir for some much needed girl time. And by girl time, we mean plenty of pussy-eating and strap-on fucking. If you have any taste at all for hot hipster chicks, this scene is porn paradise. But faster than you can say scissor me timbers, Bonnie wraps up the disc by sending a pair of flesh rockets into sphincter-shredding orbit before they blast off onto her face. As she phrases it, "I've got an amazing superass; it's tiny but fits big things!" Bonnie's debut is serious hardcore, and her follow-up promises to trump it. By the time you read this, *The Gang Bang of Bonnie Rotten* will be on the streets. Turn to the next page for our exclusive Vegas rendezvous with porn's most popular sex pistolette. —*A.P.*

MORE BONNIE NEXT PAGE

BONNIE BREAKS OUT

PHOTOGRAPHY & INTERVIEW BY NATE "IGOR" SMITH

I photographed Bonnie Rotten on a Saturday morning in Las Vegas during the AVN Awards weekend. Those few days are always insane, with porn stars working their asses off to make the most of all the promo and networking ops. I cornered Bonnie early to set up a shoot, but she flaked on me about half a dozen times. Then she woke me up with a call and said, "How do you want my makeup?" She was ready to go as soon as I walked in.

I've been shooting tattooed girls for over a decade. In that time I've seen attitudes change a lot. When Suicide Girls blew up in the early 2000s, there was next to no alternative smut, or "alt porn," on the Internet. A few years later every major porn house had an alt line. Even HUSTLER had alt-porn icon Joanna Angel directing for them.

These days the craze is gone, but tattooed chicks are here to stay. And Bonnie Rotten, one of the very few who's inked head to toe, stands out. After spreading for me on the Vegas Strip that Saturday morning, we talked about the Cincinnati native's rapid rise.

NATE "IGOR" SMITH: When I met you at the AVN Awards in 2012, you hadn't done a single scene. A year later you're one of the most talked-about girls in the business. How did you do it?

BONNIE ROTTEN: After I turned 18, I started doing bondage. I had done webcam a couple times and shot a couple random boy/girl scenes. I went on a "go see" at New Sensations, and they were doing this tattooed-girl project. They shot a scene, called me in and said they would love to shoot a whole movie with me. We made *Meet Bonnie*, where I did my first anal scene, a double penetration, a boy/girl scene and a girl/girl with Asphyxia Noir and Skin Diamond.

What was the reaction?

Everyone loved it. It got nominated at AVN twice, nominated at XBIZ, won Inked Angels' movie of the year and won a few titles on online sites and got really, really good reviews. It did awesome, so they did Meet Bonnie 2 with my first gangbang. It's called *The Gang Bang of Bonnie Rotten.*

How long have you been getting tattooed?

I started getting tattoos professionally at 15, but I tattooed myself at 13. I haven't been tattooed in a year. I am kind of over them. They are too trendy. I guess I should embrace the fact that they are accepted now, but it makes my point irrelevant. I just wanted to be myself, and everyone took it and made it a novelty.

Why do you think you made porn's A-list when other tattooed girls haven't?

I guess it comes down to how you do things. I really stayed away from doing things that would be considered alt. I have a lot of respect for [premier alt house] Burning Angel, but I didn't shoot for companies like that because I didn't want to be pigeonholed as an alt girl.

You're covered in tattoos. How can you not be an alt girl?

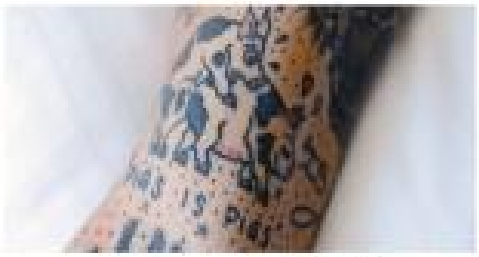
There is a difference between an alt girl and a girl with tattoos. I'm a pretty, tattooed girl. I think the key is to get yourself in all the right places. You have to limit what you do and make sure you do classy things. I have a publicist who keeps me doing interviews and radio shows and things like that. Feature dancing keeps me out there with my fans.

How do people react to you when you feature dance?

Some of the clubs are in smaller towns, so they don't know who I am. When I get there, they are sometimes like, "That girl is scary." They think I am going to be this intimidating girl, but I am really sweet, actually.

What's next for Bonnie Rotten?

I plan to direct. I am starting a production company. We will see how that goes. I got some fucked-up shit in my head!



BRIDGETTE B.

CLOSING THE DEAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Since losing her job at a tuna cannery, Betty (Bridgette B.) had been crashing with friends. After running out of places to couch-surf, she broke into a display home. Whenever real-estate agent Barry (Eric John) arrived to show the abode to prospective buyers, Betty hid in the attic.

One brisk morning, though, Barry showed up unexpectedly and caught Betty in the living room. "What the hell are you doing here?" he asked.

"Ummm," Betty stammered. She got undressed and displayed her flawless figure for the agent. "This is my house now. Any more questions?"

"Yes," Barry replied. "Are you available for intercourse?"

"What a gentleman!" Betty gasped.

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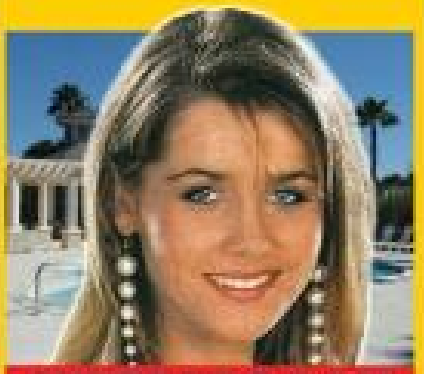

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"I got rid of the 'yes' men and got some 'yes' women."

"I'm willing to try anything once, from posing nude for my favorite dirty magazine to licking pussy for a roomful of onlookers to sucking dick in a dirty alley to getting fucked in the ass by a monster cock!"

"I live every day like it's my last day on Earth!"

SHELLEY

"When I was growing up, I'd sneak my dad's HUSTLERs into my room and look at the beautiful girls on the pages," recalls this "loyal, caring and driven" bartender from Herrin, Illinois. "I remember thinking that maybe when I was old enough, and if I were pretty enough, I could be one of those glamorous ladies in the magazine. Yep, it took a while, but being in *Beaver Hunt* is a dream-come-true!" Shelley Starr, who'll turn 33 in November, is an uninhibited dreamgirl into everything from punk rock (AFI, The Misfits) and Rob Zombie's *Halloween* to classic authors (Edgar Allan Poe, Alexandre Dumas) and a wiener in her ass. "My boyfriend and I try to keep our sex life as wild and crazy as possible," the 5-foot-8 "social butterfly" bellows. "I absolutely love to deep-throat dick—the bigger the better! I have a reputation as the best cocksucker in my area, and it's a title I wear with pride. I'm always down for blowjobs, fucking and making someone cum." Happy birthday and bottoms up, Shelley! *—Photos by Derrick Lewis*

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

"I'd love to go on a date with Channing Tatum."

ALEXIS

"I've always dreamed about being naked in a magazine," admits Alexis, 21, a "fun, excited, pumped" denizen of Painesville, Ohio. "I was diagnosed with AVN [avascular necrosis] six years ago and lost my speech and right side. I am now walking and talking, but the use of my right hand has not come back. I feel that I become happier and stronger when I pose for pictures." The 5-foot-4 country-music and Instagram fan (@Judizzale) has certainly overcome adversity. "My hobbies are working out, mudding, fishing, four-wheeling and anything redneck," Alexis relates. "I even found a job at the most redneck place ever—a tractor supply!" But when it comes to hanky-panky, she's up for more than necking: "I love doggy!" Alexis, whose most unforgettable tryst took place on a Lake Erie beach, has an inkling to be an even dirtier gal: "I want to have sex in a mud puddle." —*Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

Instagram @vanniluvsbarbie

VANESSA

"I feel that I have a unique Latin look with a pinch of bad girl," professes Vanessa, 23, a nutritionist from Houston, Texas, who doesn't always practice what she preaches. "I love longggg hot dogs," hoots the 5-foot-0 señorita, who keeps fit via conventional exercising and the carnal variety. "Sex is about friendship and companionship," Vanessa avows. "Once we get past those two things, I'm about whips and blindfolds. I like to always keep it interesting with guys and girls." The luscious Lone Star Stater tells us she's "adventurous, bold, caring, confident, loyal and intelligent," but we'll toss in wanton. "I can deep-throat a cucumber," Vanessa cocs, "I love threeways, and I have a *loco* fetish—fat men." Providing a musical interlude, she reveals, "My favorite singers are Jennifer Lopez and Rihanna; I'd do them too." Vanessa, whose friskiness résumé includes "flashing all the time" and "having sex in a movie theater," has a ballsy desire: "I would love to be naked in a courthouse; maybe the judge would dismiss my tickets." —*Photos by Kelton Brooks*

"One of my bad-girl fantasies is a voyeur seeing me naked. I get off on the idea of being watched and lusted after by an unknown person peeping through a window or open door."

"I've finally fulfilled my longtime dream," exults Khloe, 32, a "fun-loving" stay-at-home mom from Upland, California. "I chose HUSTLER because it's well-known, respected and a bit naughtier than other adult magazines." It seems the 5-foot-8 neophyte has pastimes that are a bit naughtier than "just hangin' out at home," going to amusement parks and watching movies. (Her faves are *Bridesmaids*—"I've seen it a million times!"—and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape*.) "I'm a great wife 'cause I take care of my man in every way possible," Khloe confides. "I never say no when it comes to a sexual request. Gotta keep him happy starting with my oral skills and doggy-style, although I love being on top." Alas, the threesome aficionada has yet to cross a major threshold: "I am bi-curious but have yet to get it on with another female. So my fantasy is to have my first lesbian encounter in front of an audience." —*Photos by Husband*

"I have had threesomes with two men but have never had cocks inside my pussy and ass at the same time. That's something I can't wait to try."

CLOVER

We're thankful that skin-mag virgins dig showing off their goodies here—to the tune of five $50 greenbacks. Now it's time for a flashy potpourri of Clover, a "friendly, caring and ambitious" 19-year-old from the state where Thanksgiving originated—Massachusetts. "One of my goals was to be naked in HUSTLER," asserts the 5-foot-3 Amherst resident, who's eyeing a career as a marine biologist. But Clover—a devoted fan of video games, zombies, guitar-playing and doggy-style boning—is already a mesmerizing "see" creature. Her next goal? "Having sex in a public place with no one knowing." —*Photos by Friend*

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All amateur models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

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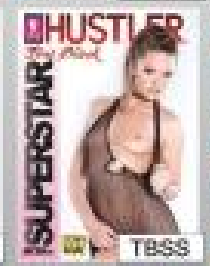

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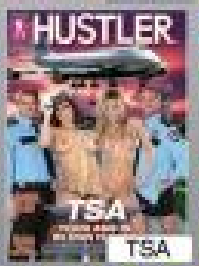

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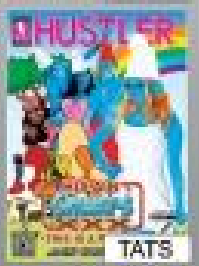

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KATRINA ADDISON

With a body that rivals fitness fanatics half her age—and no qualms about showing it off—50-year-old Katrina Addison is our kind of gal: a sexy, ravenous feline on the prowl. "I am very passionate and young at heart," says the Brazilian-born exotic dancer, who worked in the banking biz before trading her demure office duds for scantier attire that doesn't stay on very long.

"I love getting onstage at a strip club and turning men on," the New Jersey resident tells us. "I hope each and every one wants to take me home."

—*Ericka Rachelle Mendoza*

SWELLING
PASSIONS
PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

Human males of all ages—from breast-feeding toddlers to leering octogenerians—know that life would be meaningless without boobs. Big, bouncy, bountiful boobs. Boobs are truth. Boobs are beauty. Boobs can change the world.

If you don't believe us, we invite you to eyeball these titillating pics of chesty **Kaitsuni** and her top-heavy galpal **Brooklyn Chase** in action. These lovely ladies know how to please their dudes. And when the boning is over, their ample funbags make for great pillows.

LAURA
CASUAL MOOD
HUSTLER CLASSIC APRIL 1978
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Laura's a real party girl. She loves to do it up right, but she's just as happy when she can get out of her formal wear. "I'm more at home in jeans than in some fancy dress," she says. "And I'd rather go on a camping trip—just my man and I in the wilderness—than subject myself to another terribly sophisticated, terribly boring party."

COMING SOON

GRIDIRON MAYHEM

With the 2013 season about to kick off, we look at the NFL's hardest hitters and key games. Plus, our babes will stroke the crystal football for some out-of-bounds predictions.

CHLOE

HARDCORE CUISINE

Who doesn't love porn and food? Vigorously mixing both is XXX vixen Zoe Voss, who chops it up for the gastro pervs by going wok to wok with a Thai chef. Zoe's one steamy dish.

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Chicks try to shove household objects down their throats and SpongeKnob SquareNuts gets sucked off. Welcome to WoodRocket.com, the Internet's hippest XXX site.

GAZONGA ROBOTICA

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